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ART. I.—*Torquato Tasso's Befreites Jerusalem.* Ubersetzt von J. D. Gries. Leipsic. 1856.

2. *Tasso et Leonore.* Paris. 1855.

3. *The Life of Torquato Tasso.* By the Rev. R. Milman. Two Vols. London.

THERE is poetry as well as prose in human life—the spring-season of youth, as well as the autumn of maturity—the seed-time of hope no less than the sober realizations, the gathered harvest of fruition. We own ourselves to be of the class whom Montaigne scoffs at, who “count it brave to be raised on stilts now and then, although habitually doomed to walk on our legs ;” yet are we never conscious of forgetting, “when seated on the highest throne in the world [the throne of imagination], that we must, nevertheless, spend the greater part of our life upon an easy chair.” An evening with the poets no more unfits us for the prosaic discussion of tare and tret the next day, than the gentle excitement of an æsthetic tea for an evening in the study, or sound sleep at night. We are, therefore, entirely at odds with those men of practice, who condemn an omnivorous taste in literature, as savouring too much of levity and fancy ; and scarcely can we find terms strong enough, wherewith to expose the folly of Jeremy Bentham, and his disciples of the utilitarian school (Southey calls it futilitarian), when they denounce poetry as unuseful. But indignation gives place to a sort of pitying mirth, as we peruse the terms in which this atrabilarious old jurist speaks of poetry and music—the one, the music of words, the other, the poetry of sound. In his “Rationale of Rewards and Punishments,” the English Sièyes,

our native manufacturer of card-board republics, delivers himself thus: "Prejudice apart, the game of push-pin is of equal value with the arts and sciences of music and poetry. If the game of push-pin furnish more pleasure, it is more valuable than either. Every body can play at push-pin; poetry and music are relished only by a few. The game of push-pin is always innocent; it were well could the same be always asserted of poetry. Indeed, between poetry and truth there is a natural opposition: false morals, fictitious nature—the poet always stands in need of something false. Truth—exactitude of every kind, is fatal to poetry." Now, in this sentence, there are so many extravagances and sophisms, that they cannot stand in need of the exposure which a simple analysis would give them. Assuming, however, that push-pin and poetry had only the common aim of pleasing, surely our prosaic senior would not be bold enough to maintain, that push-pin appealed to equally high faculties with poetry, or that its power to give delight could be so imperial as that solace of song which addresses itself to the intellect and imagination, long after the push-pin period of childhood is past. To build an argument also against poetry, from the mere derivation of the term, because, forsooth, the bard is not a narrator, but a maker—*ποιήτης*—and his realm fiction (again, from *fungo*, to make), is too childish to require an apologetic observation. If poetry be true to the laws which regulate its own structure, it exhibits all the truth at which it aims. It is not directly didactic, nor does it seek to be. It teaches, nevertheless, potently and effectually, inasmuch as any high excitement and cultivation of the intellectual faculties tends to give the pre-eminence to the spiritual over the physical nature, and to invest mind with its due supremacy over matter. Poetry is thus in its own nature salutary, and worthy of acceptance; but it is further and most usually so, in that the prevailing strain of that poetry, which has secured for itself a place in all hearts, and lasting popularity, has been deeply imbued with a humane and elevating character. That all critics, happily, have not conceived, with Bentham, that truth and poetry stand at opposite poles, receives pleasing and singular confirmation, from the title of one of Goethe's choicest prose-pieces, which, it will be remembered, bears the title, *Dichtung und Wahrheit*—poetry and truth. The very name, in the hands of this gifted and ingenious German, is a protest against the narrow bigotry of the jurist, who would doubtless sacrifice carnations to cabbage-gardens, and denounce the patronage of birds of brilliant plumage and sweetest song, when barn-door fowls were possessed of so much more obvious utility. Out upon it, this jejune and heartless creed! Give us the more

catholic and unfastidious taste, to which nothing comes amiss—the healthy palate, which after a solid dinner of prose, can yet relish the kickshaws of poetry, nor scorn these for not being what they were not intended to be. Give us the glorious alchemy, far surpassing in its achievements the in-vain-sought philosopher's stone; which transmutes the baser uses of life into something better than gold; which stirs into action the divinity within us; and which, in converse with nature, clothes barrenness with verdure, and gilds it with a brightness not its own. Give us the social wisdom too, which finds something pleasant and redeeming in the darkest phases of humanity, applying to these the kindly vision of the universal moralist, who finds "Tongues in the trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in every thing." This may not be the highest, but it is a very happy philosophy; it may not savour of the sourness of the critic craft, but it bespeaks a generous, healthy, and manly appreciation of the *καλον καὶ ἀγαθον*—the good and the beautiful, wherever they may be found.

But while, in reality, we do not consider poetry to stand in need of vindication,—at times, as the exercise of man's sublimest powers, and at others, as the recreation of his leisure,—there is in Sir Philip Sydney's eloquent "Defence of Poesie," a passage so forcible and apt, that we shall not deny ourselves the pleasure of citing it here: "Since, then, poetry is of all human learnings the most ancient, and of most fatherly antiquity, as from whence other learnings have had their beginnings; since it is so universal, that no learned nation doth despise it, no barbarous nation is without it; since both Roman and Greek gave such divine names to it, the one, of *prophesying*, the other, of *making*; and that name of *making*, is, indeed, proper to it, considering that whereas all other arts retain themselves within their subject, and receive, as it were, their being from it, the *poet* only bringeth his own stuff, and doth not learn a conceit out of the matter, but maketh matter for a conceit; since neither his description nor end containing any evil, the thing described cannot be evil; since his effects be so good as to teach goodness, and delight the learners of it; since therein (namely, in moral doctrine, the chief of all knowledge), he doth not only surpass the historian, but for instructing is well nigh comparable to the philosopher, and for moving, leaveth him behind; since the Holy Scripture (wherein is no uncleanness) hath whole parts in it poetical, and that even our Saviour Christ vouchsafed to use the flowers of it; since all its kinds are not only in these united forms, but in their several dissections, fully commendable; I think (and I think I think rightly) the laurel crown, appointed for triumphant

captains, doth worthily of all other learnings, honour the poet's triumph." Again, the same panegyrist says: "The philosopher teacheth, but he teacheth obscurely, so as the learned only can understand him; that is to say, he teacheth them that are already taught; but the poet is the food for tender stomachs—the poet is, indeed, the right popular philosopher."

In illustration of the above, we shall expend a few observations on Tasso, in connexion with the narrative of his life,—a life as memorable for its misfortunes as his works are distinguished for genius. The moralist, we may add, will find as clear a basis for his verdict as the sons of song for their meditations in the career of the Italian bard.

Sorrento, on the Bay of Naples, the fabled abode of the Sirens, was the birth-place of our poet Torquato Tasso, son of a poet-sire, Bernardo Tasso. The memorable day was the 11th of March, 1544, at the hour when the sun had reached its highest noon,—the sweetness of the laureate's song, and the lustre of his fame being emblemed to those who regarded such trivialities by the conjuncture of the place and hour. Never was spot more meet for a poet's home. On a precipitous ledge of rocks overhanging the sea, that sea the sunlit blue of Italy, fitful, yet glorious, like some shot brocade of purple and gold, one of many villas nestled among groves of orange and myrtle, backed by woods of hoary ilex and chestnut, which marshalled their veteran array high up the flank of the mountain in the rear arose,—still rises—the house in which Tasso first saw the light: *ad litorales rupes amœnissime prominentes*, says Anastasio, in his lucubrations thereon. Far over the sea is its stretch of view: no white sail may stud the surface of the bay, or make its way toward the city of soft delights, but is visible at farthest distance, a floating lily on the waters—a white butterfly reposing from its flight upon a bed of purple violets. We have seen the birth-place of many of our sons of song, and their favourite haunts in life;—Spencer, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Shakspeare, Moore, Byron, Southey, Wordsworth; Goëthe, Schiller, Tieck, Klopstock, and Wieland—men of the highest moods of fancy, but never was there one in all its natural associations so sweet, so poetical, so enchanting as this. Castel-a-mare, with its ruined fortalice cresting its ridge of rocks, presses out into the sea on the right; and then extends along the beach an unbroken succession of loveliest bays, with here and there vine and olive yards, the green and golden lemon and orange gardens, orchards bending beneath their rosy burdens, clustered and isolated rocks of fantastic shape, green gorges in the hills dotted with white cottages, and every variety of scenery, from sheltered cove to sunburnt plain, running up from the water's edge to the summit

of St. Angelo, a spur or satellite of Vesuvius itself. The sea, the glorious sea is the chief feature of the scene, and sparkles and laughs in the light of the god of day. One must see the ocean in its unbounded play and merriment here to appreciate Æschylus's untranslatable

ἀνῆριθμον γέλασμα.

The whole exquisite panorama is beauty to the eye and inspiration to the sensitive soul. The tomb of Virgil—that poet, whom of all the laurelled band, Tasso most resembles—is but across the world-renowned bay, and the spirit of Virgil presides the tutelary genius of the spot. Fretted into caves as is the entire front of the cliffs, with rivulets of clear spring water gushing from the mouth of many, the sand sparkling in bright beds like molten silver, the breezes fanning the cheek, while their music and perfume melt the soul into a voluptuous rapture of repose—*kaif*, the Moslemin call it—the classic melody of Byron's muse seems not more apposite to Greece than Italy:—

“Some gentle spirit still pervades the spot;
Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the cave
Or glides with glassy foot o'er yon melodious wave.”

At the birth of his son Torquato, the father was not present; the political strifes of the day making him an exile from Naples; but his mother was of distinguished parentage, and the boy was nobly sponsored at his baptism. Allowed to return for the briefest space, the father was driven away again while his boy was still an infant, and he never rejoined his beautiful young wife again. She retired to a convent, and there died, but not till her son was torn from her arms to join his father at Rome that he might there grow up under his tuition and tutelage. Some thirty years afterwards, Torquato bewailed this separation from his mother in a canzone, which was never completed: the stanza referring to his mother beginning thus:—

“Me dal sen della Madre empia fortuna
Pargoletto divelse.”

The elder Tasso was not only exiled from Naples, but deprived of any property belonging to him by marriage or inheritance. He was, therefore, driven by the straits of fortune up and down the minor courts of Italy, seeking employment, and living by his wits, of which latter he owned a larger share than the former. He knew by painful experience what our Spenser has so forcibly described as “the hell” of sueing, if that sueing be of long continuance; therefore, chose the law for the profession of his son, rather than literature and courts, which had proved

so disappointing to himself. To Padua, then, for the purpose of this study, does he dispatch his son in his seventeenth year, a scholar even then of no mean pretensions. But the natural *penchant* of Torquato for the muses was not to be diverted by the charms of Themis and her bevy of parchment-skinned beauties: as well attempt to compress the canopy of heaven into a nutshell, as control the strong impulses of nature. A poet's son—for the father's "*Amadigi*" was a respectable production of a hundred cantos—how could he be other than a poet himself! The professor of law, the learned jurist Alciat, if we do not mistake, had Torquato's attendance on his lectures, but the professors of *belles lettres* had the homage of his heart. Minos stood little chance with him in comparison with the tuneful Apollo. When he should have been conning Pandects and Decretals, and prosy comments with their extravagations, he was spinning versicles and canzonets, and poising dactyl and spondee in musical rhythm. To decipher black-letter folios was his business, but to tag profitless rhymes on most unlawyer-like reasons his pleasure, and pleasure carried the day by a dead heat against business. "*Rinaldo*," an epic poem in twelve cantos, his earliest publication, rather than a thesis on some knotty point of law, was the production of his first year's residence at the university. The scheme of the "*Gierusalemme*" was even then hatching in the young poet's mind.

Moved by his fame, Donato Cesi, Bishop of Narni, and Governor of the University of Bologna, invited Torquato thither, and secured his appointment as lecturer on heroic poetry. But here he did not stay; for after a short return to Padua, where the philosophy of Plato became his enthusiasm rather than his study, he obtained an appointment in the household of the Cardinal Luigi d'Este, and entered on the troubled sea of palatial life in the twentieth year of his age. He reached Ferrara, the seat of his future triumphs, and of his sufferings as immortal as his fame, in the month of October, 1565.

Here the position of Tasso, while in many respects advantageous, laid him open to chagrins, all the more intolerable from the extreme sensitiveness of his nature. He was poor and, at the same time, a gentleman and scholar. He ate at the table of the ducal family, and had expenses to endure to which his resources were inadequate. From a sort of will which he made, when about to journey into France, in the train of his clerical patron, we ascertain the fact that he looked to the sale of some goods and furniture, then in pawn, for the payment of certain debts should he die ere his return. An unquestionable proof of Tasso's poverty was brought to light at a sale in Paris in the year 1850 of sundry MSS.; amongst others, of an autograph

acknowledgment of the poet to a Jew named Abraham Levi, for a small sum of money, for which the lender took in pledge, "the sword of my father, six shirts, four sheets, and two tablecloths." From these embarrassments, Tasso obtained a partial relief when he received an appointment in the duke's own household at the intercession of the princesses Lucrezia and Leonora,—a position which entailed no burdensome duties, and was rewarded with moderate remuneration. Alfonso had sufficient appreciation of the poetical talent of Tasso to desire his completion of the epic poem on which he was engaged, nor was he then unkind, judging by the testimony of the bard himself, who has immortalized the brighter side of the duke's conduct in the opening stanzas of his "Jerusalem."

The only signal event in his personal history worthy of note, for some few years of his residence at Ferrara, is his appointment as mathematical professor at the university, testifying as it does to the range of his scholarship, and proving demonstrably, in connexion with other notorious examples, that, while the poetical faculty cannot be created by learning, it is greatly helped by it,—a conclusion sustained by all the enduring celebrities which the world has witnessed in the region of poetry. Homer, Virgil, Dante, and Milton, as well as the Hebrew poets, are not more renowned for their imaginative power, than for the stores of their erudition, as witness that wonderful epopee of Job, which stands at the head of them all, at once a storehouse of ancient learning and a resonant burst of inspiration,—in its lowest as well as in its highest mood, a trumpet-blast of the Apocalyptic Angel. As if the excellence of Tasso were to be tested in every field of composition he produced, at this time, his pastoral drama of "Aminta," which divides the empire of this species of composition with the "Pastor Fido" of Guarini, his rival and contemporary. He also succeeded in placing on the Italian stage a tragedy called "Torrismondo," which maintained its footing till the sparkling productions of Alfieri cast it, with others, into the shade. All this while he worked with unabating assiduity on his "Gierusalemme," which he completed as early as A.D. 1575. The poem, however, was not published in that year, inasmuch as the author's anxiety to receive the critical opinions and emendations of learned friends, led him to circulate it in manuscript, and retouch it constantly; while, ere it could appear from the press, the troubles which clouded his later days, had begun. In the year 1580, just five years after its completion, Tasso's great poem was given to the world in an imperfect state, by the malversation of one Celio Malaspina, who secured a copy and published it without the privity or consent of the author, then a *détenu* in the lunatic asylum of Santa Anna at Ferrara, in the double character of a

maniac and of a political prisoner. This mutilated, defective, and incorrect publication of the "Gierusalemme" was an additional humiliation and injury to its author, robbing him at once of his credit and of the pecuniary reward of his labours. We shall not add to the intolerable weight of bathos which that sorely used quotation about the stealing of the purse being trash, and so on, has had to endure ever since it was so appositely penned by the diamond plume of our English Will., but shall indignantly and honestly say, in our own blunt English, that the man, be he bookseller, publisher, plagiarist, or critic, who robs an author of the fruits of his intellectual toil, the child of his thought, being knowingly guilty of this wrong, is a pickpocket of the most inveterate kind, and a knave for whom the treadmill is too merciful.

Proceed we now, however, without dwelling longer on this wrong, to offer an observation or two on the question, whether Tasso, the author of this really fine epic, was at the period of his confinement in Ferrara, really mad. Our conviction, on an examination of all the evidence we can collect is, that he was undoubtedly so. If any person maintained now-a-days, that he had frequent converse with a familiar spirit, we should not hesitate to write him down a madman *quoad hoc*. Now this was the case with Tasso; maintaining his point in argument against his friend and biographer, Manso, Marchese della Villa, with the pertinacity of full conviction, and with that perverse show of reason, which often appears in the insane. Some years after his release from his confinement, he used to assert to his friend that he had perpetual communings with a spirit. To the objection that this supposition was only a vivid fancy of his own mind, he replied, that in such a case, the communications of the phantasm would be only reflections of his own thoughts, whereas, on the contrary, he had learned many things from his supernatural visitant which he had never in the remotest degree conceived before. This explanation is shrewd, but not sound,—an instance of that vicious reasoning, in which insane persons sometimes indulge, and which imposes on the unguarded with its appearance of conclusiveness. Many things occur to us in dreams; and thoughts, and combinations of thoughts, are woven into the texture of our sleeping fancy, which have no prototype in nature,—are strange, unheard-of, even monstrous,—yet no sane man would dispute the fact, that they are, after all, fused out of the elements already existing in the crucible of our own mind. Thus Tasso promising the incredulous Manso ocular demonstration of the matter, carried on in his presence upon one occasion, a dialogue with a supposed spiritual being, whom, nevertheless, Manso neither saw nor heard. On Tasso's challenging him

whether his unbelief were now overcome, "Rather," says his friend, "it is all the more increased; for I have heard much that is very marvellous, and have seen nothing that you have promised to show me, in order to clear up my doubts." And here the conversation ended, the Marchese wisely treating the poet as one *non compos mentis*, and refraining from irritating him by the further expression of incredulity. The spirit, according to the picture which Tasso draws of him in his Platonic dialogue called the "Ambassador," must have worn the appearance of a guardian angel, a youth beautiful, luminous and golden, or as Tasso himself says, "such as Love must have been at the time when he fell in love with Psyche." The spirit, the poet further represented, as speaking to him "in magnificent language." The entire delusion was unquestionably one of the modes of insanity, whether it required close confinement and constant vigilance, or not. It is true that the letters, and many literary compositions which he produced during his incarceration, and his loud reclamations against the refusal of his liberty, are relied upon by many as a refutation of the charge of Tasso's insanity; but, while we willingly own these to be convincing proof of the unabated vigour of his intellect, this by no means invalidates the evidence of his occasional unsoundness of mind. Even Tasso himself did at times make admissions which were tantamount to a plenary recognition of the fact (the very last which a maniac will perceive and own), that he was mad. In this piece of the "Ambassador," for instance, the following passage occurs:—

"It cannot be denied that the imagination occasions a certain alienation of mind, which, whether it be the disorder of madness or divine frenzy, has undoubtedly the same power of representing false images as true, which a dream possesses. *Now while I deny not that I am mad* [this be it remembered was written in a madhouse], I yet am glad to believe that my madness is caused either by drinking or love; for this I know right well, beyond the possibility of mistake, that I drink to excess."

Talking also of constitutional melancholy, he adds:—

"Such were Ajax and Bellerophon; and certainly it was not so difficult a task to conquer the chimera as to subdue melancholy, which is more like the hydra than the chimera. For scarcely has the melancholy man cut down one tormenting thought, before two are already springing up in its place, by whose deadly bites he is rent and torn. However this may be, those who are melancholy not through any malady, but by nature, are of singular genius. And I am melancholy from both causes."

There are also all the symptoms of a febrile frenzy about his letter to Scipio Gonzaga—an agonizing outburst of his grief, mingling to our ear strangely with the mutterings of madness:—

“Wretched man that I am! I had designed to write two epic poems of most noble and glorious argument; four tragedies of which I had already formed the plan, and many works in prose on subjects of highest beauty, and greatest advantage to human life. So meant I to unite eloquence to philosophy, as to earn for myself an eternal memory in the world, for I had set before me a most exalted measure of honour and glory. But now oppressed beneath the weight of such intolerable calamities, I renounce every thought of glory and honour; and most happy should I be, if without suspicion, I could only allay the thirst with which I am continually tormented: and if, like other men, I could spend my life in some poor cot, in freedom; if not sound in mind and body which I can no longer be, at least no more in such agonizing weakness;—if not honoured, at least not abhorred; if not with the rights of men, yet at least with those of brutes, who in the rivers and the fountains can freely quench that thirst with which I own I am all on fire.”

Another extract and we leave this topic. Writing for advice to Doctor Mercuriale, Professor of Medicine at Padua, during the fifth year of his confinement, our poet having described some painful physical features of his complaint, proceeds thus:—

“I have ringings in the ears and head; sometimes so strong that it seems to me as if there were an alarm-clock in my head. Besides this, after eating, my head fumes and burns; and in all the sounds which I hear, I keep imagining a human voice, so that it very often seems as if inanimate things were speaking to me.”

The professor of medicine complied with the hypochondriac's request, and prescribed for his malady the cauterizing of the leg, abstinence from wine, and a diet of the most innocent and unexciting kind, such as thin broths and water gruel. Tasso, great as his sufferings were, by his own account, had no intention of observing a regimen so strict as this—not he. In his reply, therefore, while he volunteers to observe some two or three things which the physician had not prescribed him, he tosses the actual prescription to the winds,—sticks to his wine-bottle and solids, eating, as he says, “with a good appetite,”—is ready to roast the doctor with his own cautery, and concludes this episode out of the “*Malade Imaginaire*,” with an explosion to the following effect, which we give for the benefit of the modern faculty and their patients—“*that the excellency of medical men consists in prescribing not only salutary but also pleasant remedies for the sick.*”

We now approach another question connected with the history of our poet, and that is, was the duration to which he was subjected, ascribable on the whole or in part to other causes than his alleged lunacy? and our reply must be an unqualified affirmative. Although we may with most of his biographers

and admirers, regret the protracted duration and severity of his sufferings, we must own ourselves constrained to aver, that they could not have been altogether unmerited. Without being worse than the men of his years and station, the life of Tasso during his residence at court, was stained with irregularities, which he afterwards confesses and deplures. His love-verses in two sonnets beginning "*Donna di me*" and "*Prima colla*," together with the madrigal which commences "*Soavissimo bacio*," and the dialogue between Love and a lover, may not have in themselves much to criminate him, were they not associated with a name which it was the utmost social impertinence to mention in any lighter way than with the most delicate respect. The identical verses which compromise Tasso with his patron, have been discovered by Mai among the Falconieri MSS., and published by Betti, at Rome, in 1827, in the *Giornale Arcadico*, and begin thus:—

"Quando sara che d'Eleonora mia
Possa godermi in libertade amore?
Ah pietoso il destin!"

These, taken with the others, if they refer to unlawful amours, either with maid or wife, no respect for his abilities on our part will allow us to characterize as other than deeply dishonourable to Torquato's fame. Leonora is a name associated with many of Tasso's love-ditties, and one of Duke Alfonso's sisters was Leonora. Now, if either his folly led him to play traitor with the fair fame of his august lady, and to boast of familiarities which never had existed, or if on the other hand his vanity induced him to expect a legitimate alliance with one whose social pretensions were so utterly removed from his own, in either case his patron had fair ground of quarrel with him, and can scarcely be charged with pushing resentment to extremes when he only committed him to the custody of a half-hospital, half-prison. His religious principles, whatever of devotion may show itself in his great poem, and in his pilgrimage to our Lady's shrine at Loretto after his release, were of the looser sort, and to the purer imagination of the North rather than to the sad reality, are we to trace the reverential homage of his Leonora, ascribed to him in the words:—

"Thou wert to me a crystal-girded shrine
Worshipp'd at holy distance."

The learned Professor Rosini, in his able "*Essay on Tasso*," (Pisa, 1832), proves to demonstration, that the Leonora of the poet's strain could be none other than the sister of the sovereign. Such being the case, it was sheer moral madness for one in the poet's position, occupying a station in the palace not many

degrees higher than the court jester, just tolerated and scantily supported, for the sake of the entertainment he furnished to his patrons, to look so high,—moral madness to interpret the courtesy of high-born ladies into warmer feelings towards his person,—obliged to confess, as he afterwards did on many an occasion, that the Lady Leonora d'Este yielded him no higher intimacy than condescending friendship,—and actual madness to display this in such forms as must issue in the destruction of the parties, were he adjudged to be sane. Sane, he certainly could not be. The man who allowed himself to be so transported with rage, as, in the apartments of the Princess of Urbino, to attack a domestic with a knife, for some slight offered him, and who afterwards vented his spleen against the whole ducal house, and especially its head, in the most contumelious terms, could deserve no other name than that of madman. In the early stages of his imprisonment, some severity of restraint may have been demanded by his mania assuming the form of phrenzy, but it is universally concluded at present, that historical proof is entirely wanting, of Tasso's having been immured in the cell usually shown as the one he occupied. When Cardinal Gonzaga visited him, in the year 1580, the poet occupied a large and handsome apartment, was at no loss for money, received visitors without limitation, attended religious services at will, and occasionally left for days together on visits to persons of respectability. That his durance, in fact, however irksome to his spirit, was not rigorous, may be inferred from his twice making his escape from Ferrara, and as regularly coming back, while even after his final release, he never gave up the idea of spending his last days there. His lady-love could not form the charm of the place, for she had died long before, in 1581, while he was still confined. From all that we can gather of a confessedly obscure point of literary history, we must conclude the symptoms of Tasso's aberration of mind so decided in their diagnosis, as to justify any practitioner of medicine in consigning him to bedlam; but, as all his biographers declare, and as Tasso himself owns, there was a political as well as a medical cause for his confinement, the subject for our consideration is not the positive cruelty of Alfonso, or the absolute innocence of Tasso, but did the duke exceed the fair measure of punishment for the poet's faults, and was the confinement unreasonably strict, taking all the features of the poet's malady into account. Without giving expression to an elaborate judgment upon *data* which are confessedly defective, it must suffice to say for ourselves, judging from the patent circumstances of the case, that we cannot possibly adopt the wholesale denunciation of the duke, which is current among the

poet-tribes, and which appears in the most recent life of Tasso, by Mr. Milman.

Having been thus frank in the expression of our opinions on a case confessedly obscure, some reader may be disposed to ask, have we not dealt rather hardly with Tasso, and do not the errors of men of genius claim an indulgent judgment at our hands? To which our instant reply is—No; for we are acquainted with no principle of equity or morality which can exempt a man of genius from condemnation, if his conduct be criminal. Even if a man's genius do not keep him from vice, it may, with the utmost safety be affirmed, that genius of itself never leads to vice, so that the blame of faulty behaviour ought not to be laid to the account of the gifts. But we are bold enough to say further, that those gifts have a conservative quality—they are the salt of the mind—that it is the nature of genius to spiritualize and raise above the dominion of sense, so that if a gifted person yield to his passions and debase his soul, it is in the presence of stronger inducements to virtue than ordinary mortals possess. A bad man is a bad man, whether he be a poet, historian, or philosopher, just as much so, as if he were a soldier, courtier, or tradesman: nay, the worse, as his example will have a wider influence. Genius lives through all time, and rules over an empire, to which that of the Cæsars is a speck. Aristotle wielded the imperial sceptre over the minds of men, by right of his genius, two thousand years after the conqueror of Macedon was laid in his forgotten grave. And Homer lives, while the nation whose exploits he celebrated, and the city whose capture he sung, are hopelessly dead. Thus the gift of genius is a fearful possession, involving heaviest responsibility. To pervert that gift to the production of works which shall perpetuate evil among posterity,—a poisoned fountain, pouring out pestiferous streams, is a crime of the deepest dye; and to seek shelter for such criminality, under the broad shield of the pardonable impulses of genius, is a most unavailing plea. Common sense and social morality, not to say the religion of the Gospel, utterly condemn both the sin and its excuse. The compositions of Tasso are, for the most part, unexceptionable—pure in morality as elevated in taste—but his conduct is open to censure on two or three other counts. On these, however, we need not further dwell, deeming it enough that we have delivered our verdict on them, and have thus and for ever washed our hands clean of participation in the faulty and dangerous maxim,—that any endowments, even those of the highest order, can be a sufficient apology for sin.

We are glad to be able to find support for this view in a quarter where we might scarcely expect it, a caterer of our

lighter literature; but this distinguished example proves, along with other equally happy living instances, that great genius may be combined with a strict observance of the moralities and proprieties of life. Thackeray, the able fictionist of "*Vanity Fair*," wrote a few years back a letter to the *Morning Chronicle*, in reply to some carping criticism on his representations of authors in his works, with an outspoken honesty, which is worth cart-loads of a puling sentimentality: "That I have a prejudice," says this celebrated author, "against running into debt, and drunkenness, and a disorderly life, and against quackery and falsehood in my profession, I own . . . but I am not aware of any malice in describing [the weaknesses of authors], or of doing any wrong in exposing, their vices. Have these never existed amongst literary men? Have their talents never been urged as a plea for improvidence, and their very faults adduced as a consequence of their genius? The only moral that I, as a writer, wished to hint, was,—that it was the duty of a literary man, as well as any other, to practise regularity and sobriety, to love his family and pay his tradesmen." It is superfluous to avow our belief that this paragraph is as honourable to our novelist as any which he ever wrote.

Tasso remained a prisoner full seven years, and at the end of that period obtained his release, in July, 1586. His restoration to liberty was obtained by the intercession of Vincenzo Gonzaga, son of the Duke of Mantua, whom he accompanied to his father's court. There the poet's reception was a triumph, and grateful to his new patron, he dedicated to him his tragedy of "*Torrismondo*," in 1587. In the same year he visited Rome, and thence went to Naples, where he sought to recover at law his forfeited inheritance, but without success. He gained nothing by his suit and residence in that enchanting city, except that which countervailed the want of everything besides,—a true friend, the accomplished Manso, the friend of Tasso, the friend of Milton. But it must not be overlooked that he gained in the loss of his law-suit a valuable discipline to his character, as he himself says: "to make a man perfect, three things are necessary, a love-suit, an enemy, and law-suit: Comacchio gave me the first, Ferrara the second, and Naples the last." It was well that he could be thus jocular on the subject of his mishaps, for poverty, the most faithful of them all, still clung to him with the tenacious clip of the limpit to the rock. But sorrow had done its part towards the renovation of his character, and the correction of his views of human life. The hollowness of human friendships, and the vanity of earthly hopes, had been taught him not in vain in the school of adversity. The devout element of his nature, which was large, there became nurtured

and developed under the very circumstances which blighted his fortunes and ruined his health. The flower of piety opened to the setting sun, which had before sealed up its petals and turned away from the benign face of heaven. By that singular provision of our social existence, just in proportion as he became careless of fame, did fame court his acceptance, and charge herself with the transmission of his name to posterity. The chronology of the later portion of his life demonstrates this. In 1588, he is at Naples. In 1589, Tasso is invited to Florence by the Grand-Duke Ferdinand di Medici. In 1590, we meet him at Rome, under the patronage of his Holiness. In 1591, he is again at Naples. Most pressingly is he invited in the following year to the Eternal City, by Cinzio Aldobrandini, nephew of the Pope, and afterwards cardinal. His old love, Naples, is his place of abode in 1594, the home of his boyhood and earliest education, the fitting asylum now, from its site and clime and sky, for his wasted spirits and his failing strength. At the flattering instance of his empurpled patron, however, he was allured next year from Naples to Rome, in order to receive the crown of laureateship in the Capitol, by permission of the reigning Pontiff, Clement VIII. He received the proposal in the best spirit, as the fulfilment of earlier and more ambitious wishes; but the bloom had been dashed from his life, and his elation was moderate. Five years before he had expected and wished for the ceremony, as witness a letter to Cardinal Gonzaga, overlooked by previous biographers, but cited by Black (Vol. II. p. 317). Now, however, he was contented to deserve the honour, and did not unduly appreciate the pageant. Consenting in the laureate to follow Petrarch and a few crowned brothers, he set out for Rome. Arrived at the gates of the "lone mother of dead empires," he was received by an imposing cavalcade of civil and ecclesiastical dignities, and conducted with great pomp to the Vatican, where an apartment was assigned him. Compliments and congratulations poured in upon the bard of the "Jerusalem,"—verses worth little and purses worth much—tributes to his genius. But they were flowers upon a grave, a kind of friendly delusion practised upon a dying man. The summons from heaven's chancery had gone forth, commanding Torquato's presence ere long in another scene, to take part in a more august pageant. The cerecloth of the tomb was, therefore, more fitting investiture than either laurelled garland or triumphal robe. And Tasso felt this. To a high-flown sonnet addressed to him on his arrival at Rome, his short and pathetic reply was the line of Seneca: *Magnifica verba mors prope admota excutit*—approaching death shrinks from the use of showy compliments. Various circumstances interfered with the poet's

coronation; the winter season, the indisposition of his patron, the observance of Lent, and ultimately his own severe illness. While they waited for the pleasant April days which should usher in the anniversary of the crowning of Petrarch, death laid his hand upon the bard, and after an illness of a fortnight, Tasso died on the 25th of April, 1595, with the words upon his lips: *In manus tuas, Domine!*—Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit! The splendours destined for the living poet were exceeded in the lavish magnificence of his sepulchral honours. A public and gorgeous funeral was accorded him. Rome, Italy, the world, deplored his loss as the extinction of the sun of poetry. His body was interred in the church of Sant' Onofrio, in the monastery of which he died, a simple slab covering the place, with the inscription: "UNDERNEATH LIE THE BONES OF TORQUATO TASSO."

The extracts which we shall furnish from Tasso's great poem must be few and brief. We cannot make up our mind to exclude these altogether, the more so as we have undertaken to introduce the admirable German translation named at the head of this article to our readers. The action of the "*Gierusalemme*" includes a period of only forty historical days, and describes the chief event which marked the campaign of A.D. 1099,—the siege and capture of the Holy City. The poem thus belongs to the first of the Crusades, a series of enterprises originating in fanaticism, conducted by temerity, and issuing in disappointment and ruin. These mistaken and abortive measures have nevertheless furnished us with a fine poem as the result; but the sunshine, and beautiful relief, and dazzling commendation, and triumphant apology of the enterprise supplied by Tasso's verses, are the poet's art, and not the loathsome reality. Herein we recognize Torquato's skill, which robs a repulsive subject of much of its repulsiveness, acting like moonlight on a ruin, which softens

"Down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation——
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not."

The structure of the poem is in the highest degree poetical,—marked by the elevation of its conceptions, the sustained grandeur and music of its style, the unity of its plot, and the variety of its episodes. On the ground of enchaining interest it far surpasses the sonorous old Hellene, and his tuneful Latin echo, Virgil. In reading the *Iliad* we must confess, after wading through one of the fighting books, and being nauseated with the often-recurring legend—

"Ὡς οἱ μὲν πονέοντο κατὰ κρατερὴν ἰσμίνην"
Thus in the stalwart strife they toiled and strove—

—we turn with exquisite impatience to that picture of domestic tenderness, the parting of Hector and Andromache, wherein the words,—

'Η δ' ἄρα μιν κηῶδι δέξατο κόλπῳ
Δακρυόεν γελάσασα·

*She laid him in her bosom's fragrant fold
With tearful smiles—*

prove not more musical to the ear than a real solace to the heart. The universal sentiment awakened by this touching scene is palpable proof that we have not been made for the perpetual clash of collision and fever of strife, but for better things,—love and brotherhood, gentleness and peace. Our poet is full of such scenes, having availed himself to a much greater extent of the agency of women in the action of his poem, than any previous or contemporary author of the epopee. With Tasso it is not all battle, with its confused noises, savagery, and blood, but frequent strains of courtesy and *gentillesse*, and maidens of high degree softening by their intervention the madness of the fight. Of one of these the loveliness is thus genially described (we quote from old Fairfax, incomparably the best English translator of the Italian poet), and shall omit the original:—

“Yet never eye, to Cupid's service vow'd
Beheld a face of such a lovely pride:
A tinsel veil her amber locks did shroud
That strove to cover what it could not hide;
The golden sun, behind a silver cloud,
So streameth out his beams on every side:
The marble goddess, set at Guido's, [Gnidos] naked
She seem'd, were she uncloth'd, or that awaked.

“The gamesome wind among her tresses plays,
And curleth up these growing riches short;
Her spareful eye to spread his beams denays,
But keeps his shot where Cupid keeps his fort.
The Rose and Lily on her cheek assays
To paint true fairness out in bravest sort;
Her lips, where blooms nought but the single Rose,
Still blush, for still they kiss, but still they close.”

There is much of this painting of personal beauty throughout the poem, and in these delineations Tasso is singularly happy,—the Sir Thomas Lawrence of the epopee.

We shall now give our readers the means of judging the ability of the German translator, reminding them, however, that both the versions which we present, being free renderings into another tongue, are to be compared with the original, and not with each other:—

- “Der Schönheit glanz in einer höhern Feier
 Sah Delos, Cypem, Argos nie zuvor.
 Ihr goldnes Haar gläuzt durch den weissen Schleier
 Bald nur hindurch, bald strahlt es frei hervor;
 So, wann der Himmel heitrer wird und freier
 Blinkt bald die Sonne durch den Wolkenflor;
 Bald, dem Gewölk entwallt, im Strahlenfranze
 Bricht sie hervor mit doppelt hellern glanze.
- “Mit neuen Locken schmückt der Weste Kosen
 Ihr Haar, das schon Natur in Lochen flicht.
 In sich gewandt den Blick, den anspruchlosen,
 Zeigt sie der Lieb, und eigne Schätze nicht.
 Sanft mischet sich die Farbe zarter Rosen
 Zum Elfenbein auf ihrem Angesicht,
 Indess, vom süssen hauch der Lieb umfachtelt,
 Die Ros, allein auf ihrem munde lächelt.”

Our readers will remember the third stanza in the fourth canto, which is so justly quoted as a sample of tones which echo the sense :—

“ Chiama gli abitator dell' ombre eterne—
 Il raucò suon della Tartarea tromba ;
 Treman le spaziose atre caverne,
 E l'aer cieco a quel romor rimbomba ;
 Ne si stridendo mai dalle superne
 Regione del cielo il folgor piomba,
 Ne si scossa giammai trema la terra
 Quando i vapori in sen gravida serra.”

FAIRFAX.

“The dreary trumpet blew a dreadful blast,
 And rumbled through the lands and kingdoms under,—
 Through wasteness wide it roar'd, and hollows vast,
 And fill'd the deep with horror, fear, and wonder ;
 Not half so dreadful noise the tempests cast
 That fall from skies with storms of hail and thunder ;
 Nor half so loud the whistling winds do sing
 Broke from the eastern prisons of their king.”

This, it must be owned, is a fair imitation, and a very spirited and successful effort on the part of the English verseman. We miss the sonorous double rhyme at the end of the second lines in

GRIES.

“Es ruft dem grausen Volk urnäht' ger klüfte
 Dei höllischen posane heis'rer Ton.
 Ihr zittern rings die weiten schwartzen Gräfte,
 Des Orcus nacht rückhalt ihr rauhes Dron.

So schmettert nie der Blitzstrahl durch die Lüfte
 Herab auchs höchster himmelregion;
 So bebt die Erde nie mit wilden stosse
 Wann sie die Dünste presst nie schwangern Schoosse."

Our citations must close with that beautiful stanza, which describes the first sight of Jerusalem by the Crusaders:—

TASSO.

" Ali hà ciascuno al core, et ali al piede :
 Nè del suo ratto andar però s' accorge.
 Ma, quando il sol gli aridi campi fiede
 Con raggi assai ferventi, e in altro sorge ;
 Ecco apparir Gierusalem si vede :
 Ecco additar Gierusalem si seorge :
 Ecco da mille voci unitamente
 Gierusalemme salutar si sente."

Fairfax is spirited, but the tautology of the sixth line enfeebles the strain :

" Feather'd their thoughts, their feet in wings were dight,
 Swiftly they march'd, yet were not tir'd thereby ;
 For willing minds make heaviest burdens light :
 But when the gliding sun was mounted high,
 Jerusaelm, behold! appear'd in sight—
 Jerusalem they view, they see, they spy ;
 Jerusalem with merry noise they greet,
 With joyful shouts and acclamations sweet."

GRIES.

" Ein jeder trägt an hertz und Füßen Flügel
 Und fühlt doch nicht, wie rasch er fortgerannt.
 Doch höher schwingt die Sonne nun den Zügel
 Und spaltet, heissern Strahls, das dürre Land :
 Da Sieh ! Jerusalem ! Dort Zion's hügel !
 Da Sieh ! Jerusalem zeigt jede hand ;
 Da Sieh ! es rufen Tausend nun und Tausend :
 Jerusalem ! in frohern Gruss erbrausend !"

Voltaire, who, as himself the author of a heroic poem, may be allowed to possess some qualifications for competent criticism, thus delivers his judgment on the "Jerusalem Delivered,"—a verdict in which we ourselves concur. We think it very creditable to the candour of the author of the "Henriade:" "The subject of the 'Jerusalem' is the most noble that can be conceived. Tasso has treated it with all the dignity of which it is worthy: nor is this lofty work less interesting than it is sublime. The action is well-conducted, the incidents in general artfully disposed, the adventures skilfully introduced, the lights and shades admirably distributed. He transports his

reader from the tumults of war to the sweet solitudes of love; and from scenes of exquisite bliss he again conducts him to the field of battle. The sensibility which he at first awakens is gradually augmented; he rises insensibly above himself, as he proceeds from book to book. His style is almost always clear and elegant; and when his subject requires elevation, it is astonishing to perceive how he impresses a new character on the softness of the Italian language; how he sublimates it into majesty, and compresses it into strength."

ART. II.—*The Chinese and their Rebellions viewed in connexion with their National Philosophy, Ethics, Legislation, and Administration; with an Essay on Civilization.* By T. T. Meadows. Smith, Elder, and Co.

M. JOURDIER, in his pleasant treatise "*La Pisciculture*" remarks, that whenever a modern discovery is announced, some pedant is sure to say, "this is no discovery at all; it was known ages ago in China!" Nevertheless, as M. Jourdier adds, much that is claimed for the Chinese belongs to them no more than it belongs to the Babylonians. Voltaire set the example; but we suspect that Voltaire is misunderstood by those who imagine that he had actually found his ideal of government in Asia. To praise the East was to disparage the West, and it was as easy to say China as Utopia; but the panegyric has been seriously accepted, and we are continually importuned to admire the harmoniously graduated laws, the ancient arts, the patriarchal virtues, the philosophic subtleties, of this curious nation. The Chinese are styled the Dutchmen of the East, to typify their regularity and cleanliness,—in which they are far inferior to the people of Japan; the Egyptians of the East, to typify the unity of their laws and manners, and the mystery of their creeds, whereas they present as many local differences as other settled races, and have no beliefs except those of a shallow materiality. Their appreciation of women is on a level with that of the Turk,—far below that of the Rajpût. Fifteen changes of dynasty within 1,300 years, and a complex series of internal convulsions, illustrate their immobility. Yet it has been the habit of Europe to eulogize the vast and symmetrical proportions of this empire of lacquer, tea, and silk, exactly as it was the custom to affiliate to Confucius whole libraries of philosophy which might as well have been affiliated to Zoroaster. The criticisms of Julien and Rémusat have dissipated some of the

illusions; but Mr. Meadows, writing in no fear of those distinguished Sinologists, undertakes to kindle the light of the last century, and to present a restored picture of China, bright with Voltairian varnish. Little is implied in his favour by the circumstance that after two centuries of commercial intercourse, our popular ideas of the Chinese are in general so fallacious. Mr. Meadows, though he assumes himself to be propounding a theory, is only endeavouring to gild a common error, which, however, we must allow, is magnified by his treatment, and distorted into an eccentricity. Not that his knowledge is deficient. He has travelled much, and studied much. But he is chained to an immovable centre, a predetermined point of view, so that even when disposed to concede, he makes his concessions valueless by prefaces and supplements of mystification. This is the moral failing of his book. Its practical fault is one of construction. The author has many ideas, on many subjects, and has made this volume the channel for them all. Thus it happens that, before entering the dominions of the Teen Tsze, we are detained by an amplification of organic proposals for the improvement of the Civil Service; and that, after quitting the Manchoos, we are deluded into a labyrinthine argument on aversion to pain, nutritional appetite, political economy, and the other collaterals of "An Essay on Civilization."

We must, however, respect our limits, though Mr. Meadows has not respected his. In the first place, what is China? An empire which unites under one political system five great regions of the earth: Manchooria, the home of a half-nomadic race, which has given a dynasty to the empire; Mongolia, inhabited by wanderers and dwellers in tents; Turkestan, thinly populated by a settled Mohammedan nation, and containing the two famous cities of Cashgar and Yarkand; Thibet, the centre of Lamaistic Buddhism; and China Proper:—with three hundred and sixty millions of inhabitants; a solid mass of territory eighteen times as large as Great Britain; with a varied surface, and considerable varieties of population. Its eighteen provinces, divided, on the average, into eighty districts each, have separate capitals capable of standing a siege, and are governed by officials equivalent to viceroys, who are directly responsible to the emperor.

The emperor is responsible to no one. He is the Son of Heaven. His authority is unlimited, "except by divine principle," which amounts to an admission that it is not limited at all; the only derogation from his prerogative being that it is not hereditary. Thus, the theory of the empire is, that the best and wisest man, whatever his birth, shall be emperor; the practice being that the reigning monarch selects his ablest or favourite son. Mr. Meadows believes the plan to have been

very successful. Kang-he, the second of the imperial line, ruled for sixty-one years. Keen-lung, the fourth, ruled for sixty-one years also, when he abdicated, "to avoid surpassing his grandfather." Considering that George III. encumbered for sixty years the British throne, the argument of duration goes for nothing. A similar restriction is supposed to guard the purity of official appointments in China; while the general balance of government is preserved, suggests Mr. Meadows, by the right of election vested in the people. Now, this proposition is an example of the logical defect that lies at the bottom of nearly all his reasoning. He says:—

"Rebellion is in China the old, often-exercised, legitimate, and constitutional means of stopping arbitrary and vicious legislation and administration."

It is *not* a constitutional method, because it is prohibited by the letter and spirit of the law; and when unsuccessful, is punished with appalling severity. The Chinese cannot frame their own laws, impose their own taxes, stop the supplies, or in any way remonstrate with their governors, or comment upon their acts. Therefore, when their powers of suffering have been strained to excess, they rebel; if victoriously, the government assents to what it cannot avenge; if otherwise, executions take place, which are only comparable in their atrocity to the climax of all barbarity in Western Africa. Taking into account the moral life of a nation, we submit, that a state which contains no other safeguard against misgovernment than insurrection, cannot be civilized. To have no other check upon public injustice than rebellion is equivalent to having no other check upon private injustice than the Brahminical device of suicide, threatened or accomplished—an art also practised in China. In the first place, insurrection is the last resort, and is only provoked by intense and injudicious tyranny. Moreover, that machinery must be essentially defective, which cannot be regulated, except at the risk of being broken to pieces. If it be conceded, as Mr. Meadows concedes it, that of all nations that have attained a certain point of culture, the Chinese are "the least revolutionary and the most rebellious," it follows, that their political system has been kept up at the cost of a perpetual drain of human life, while, with this activity, they are unprogressive, and never aim at new and higher forms of polity." The facts may be so, but they are not proofs of civilization.

In spite of this violent conservative process, which Mr. Meadows terms constitutional, the political condition of China has been deteriorating for many years. Searching nowhere beyond his own admissions, do we not find that before the outbreak of

the present civil war, every species of corruption had crept into the state; that government offices were systematically purchased; that miserable local tyrannies had been established; that the nation lost its patriotism, and the army its courage; that the imperial treasury was bankrupt; that misery had gone so far as to render rebellion a welcome change from the anarchy and hopelessness that prevailed? Respecting this great revolt, there has been much popular discussion. The subject is, however, elucidated by Mr. Meadows, in several elaborate chapters, to which we refer the reader desirous of penetrating the intricacies of the question. We prefer to touch on some points connected with the less disturbed topics of Chinese national history—the philosophy of Confucius, and its traces in the existing aspects of Chinese society. The secret of this philosophy consists in its totally irreligious, unspiritual, material character. And, preliminarily, we must notice a slight confusion in Mr. Meadows's abstract. He notes the birth of Confucius, B.C. 551, and the foundation of Taouism in the same century; yet adds, that Confucianism existed in China "long before" Taouism; that, however, is an indifferent discrepancy, probably casual. It is to be remarked that, though Taouist, Buddhist, and even Mohammedan religious edifices exist, in considerable numbers in China, they are merely tolerated or ignored by the state. The orthodox Chinese, therefore, are not even Pagans, but Confucianists. Now, what is Confucianism? Does it reveal a glimpse of immortality? Is it not a mere theory of metaphysical dynamics? What in Porphyry's Cave of the Nymphs, in the Greek fable of Atys and Cybele, in the Hermetic creed, in the Zoroastean oracles, even in Spinoza, is so hard and mechanical as this scheme composed of ultimates, pulsations, passiveisms, and positive and negative essences, invented by Confucius and his followers to atone for their incapacity to recognize the presence of the Divine? What is this broken genealogy of nature—leaving large gaps of obscurity—which terminates in a grand coagulation of the Extreme, the Essential, and the Elementary, producing the masculine and feminine power, intellectual consciousness, evil and virtue, and China? Mr. Meadows, professing to comprehend the orthodoxy of the Chinese more clearly than the Chinese themselves, helps himself out of a difficulty, by "venturing to differ from the Chinese orthodox interpretations of the writings which existed previous to the time of Confucius." What, however, is the effect of this correction? To demonstrate that the philosophy of the East differed from the speculations of Confucius, who, in a spirit of "honesty and candour," according to Mr. Meadows, "refused to speak of the supernatural world, on the ground that he knew nothing of it." But his modesty allowed him to fix "the grand

extreme," an absolutely immaterial entity, yet without intelligence, and, therefore, without will,—a power of necessity, causative. This was not an evidence of intellectual humility, nor was it an evidence of candour. Confucius professed to teach only what existed in previous sacred books; to obliterate from his system the signs of ancient belief in a God, a single, supreme, heavenly ruler, to be feared, obeyed, and adored by men. As it is, we can scarcely perceive a distinction, amounting to superiority, between the "God, that is to say, a substance," of Spinoza, and the "immaterial entity, without intelligence or will," of Confucius. Spinoza was the less material of the two.

This creed has for twenty centuries operated upon the moral life of China, in conjunction with three fundamental beliefs, thus stated by Mr. Meadows, in his very interesting summary:—

"The first is, that a fundamental unity underlies the multitude of phenomenal variety; the second, that in the midst of all change, there is an eternal, harmonious order; the third, that man is endowed at his birth with a nature that is perfectly good."

The effect of these ideas would not be the same everywhere. It would not have been the same in Egypt as in India; in India as in Japan. In China, the effect has been to suggest a social reproduction of this unity—this order, changeless amid change. Accordingly, our laureate's yearning for a "single man with heart, head, hand," is fulfilled in this half-barbaric realm in as much perfection as under the Napoleonic code; and that concentration of policy for which a princely orator has sighed, and an Oxford historian argued, is there the ultimate principle of legislation. It would be a mistake, however, to consider this as an unique development of the imperial idea. It is the basis of all absolutism. It was asserted by Henry VIII., and defended by Salmasius. It was the guiding thought of the Bourbons and the Moguls. It is the essence of Russian politics, and was the day-dream of the Georges. Civilized races have suppressed it, but in China it shapes your house, colours your dress, numbers your buttons, paints your coffin. There, the notion of a universal harmony acts as an obstruction to reform. Mr. Meadows adduces, in vague relation to this topic, the early use of printing, gunpowder, and the mariner's compass, by the Chinese. But what is the secret which has petrified them for a thousand years? How have they profited by their inventions? How have they improved even their mechanical arts?

A good deal of emphasis is laid upon the "moral force" foundation of the Chinese system of government. This reminds us of the boy, who said he could live on self-respect—and mutton. The Chinese are governed by moral force—and

the bamboo. Nowhere are the inflictions of the law more merciless and brutal,—nowhere is a capital execution such a sight of horror. Slavery, polygamy or concubinage, the consequent barter of women, and their degraded condition as wives, the prevalence of infanticide, and the existence of the institution of caste, though in a modified form, constitute other aspects of Chinese society. Mr. Meadows denies the existence of caste; but his denial amounts to no more than an equivocation. Is it true or false that the sons of barbers, actors, and others, are disqualified from competing for the offices and dignities of the state? If this be true—and it is not questioned—what matters it that caste in China is not exactly what caste was in ancient Egypt, or is in modern India? Moreover, does not the parental system of the Chinese confer on parents the power of life and death over their children; and is not Mr. Meadows compelled to rank among barbarizing influences, the virtual power of life and death possessed by the husband over his wife? Are not fathers privileged to sell their children, and do they not frequently sell them—the girls to degradation, the boys to slavery? There are exceptional points; but they are exceptions that tower above the level of ordinary manners, and constitute, as long as they survive, the characteristic features of barbarism.

We have not applied ourselves to the task of disparaging, without qualification, the manners of China, or the contents of Mr. Meadows's book. But Mr. Meadows has challenged criticism by his exaggerated praise of China, and of himself. He believes himself to be the first and only interpreter of the Confucian philosophy; and having expounded it, thinks he must defend, even at the cost of much doctrinal dissertation, all its moral results.

We may now illustrate, from the more original parts of this volume, the practical experience enjoyed by Mr. Meadows. When the insurrection was rising in the interior, and approaching the sea, he made an excursion in a private pleasure-boat on the waters of the Grand Canal. His craft was of considerable size, and was so arranged, that from the cabin he could discern, without being seen, all that passed on shore. We suspect that in this cabin, he learned to love China, for here two cooks gave him hot pancakes and cool peaches, while he studied Chinese or German metaphysics, and floated between Golden and Silver Islands. But he suffered from one inconvenience:—

“Were I a foot shorter in person than I am, I could, by hiding my deep-set occidental eyes under a pair of the broad-rimmed Chinese spectacles, travel openly all over China with small risk of detection. But my length of six feet one inch, which is not common among ourselves, approaches the gigantic among the shorter Chinese race; it

immediately attracts general attention, and then the deep-set eyes, the beard, however closely shaven, and even the short hair on the hands and wrists, are all marks that unfailingly lead to detection. By adopting the Chinese tail and dress, and using a boat containing nothing foreign whatever, not even a penknife, I could, by shamming sick, and keeping a sitting or lying posture when the internal customs' examinations were being made, travel through the country after the fashion of the Catholic priests."—Pp. 203, 204.

What were the perils of his excursion, he recounts as follows:—

"I here told my people how I wished them to act in case an alarm of robbers was given. My head-boatman, body servant Yung shun, and the cook sleep under the matting on the deck in front of my main cabin; which latter is occupied by myself alone, and where are all the arms, except the *Hermes's* six pikes. In the small after-cabin, separated by the sliding door from the main one, and in like manner from the after-deck, by another sliding door, sleeps my clerk Fang. At the back, on the after-deck, sleep the five hired men. To these men, who profess great valour, cocking up their thumbs in Chinese fashion, and saying of the robbers, 'Let them dare to come!' I have entrusted five pikes; with orders either to defend the after-deck, or to fly to the shore and wait the event there, as they may please; but on no account to come to the front, as I cannot distinguish people at night, and, as soon as arrangements are effected there, will fire at every one who shows himself. These arrangements in the front are, that the head-boatman, a perfect specimen of a Keang soo coward, shall, on the alarm being given, instantly throw open the front door, and then make for the shore, or the back of the boat as he pleases. Yung shun and the cook are to sit up, but to remain in their places till I call them by name; when they are both to jump down into my cabin and go to the back of it. The cook is instantly to hold together the two parts of the sliding door at the back, until he has ascertained that Fang has closed the back doors and is holding them, so that the back is secured. Fang is then to remain in charge of the back entrance, attending to nothing else, while the cook is to take the sixth pike, placed every night on the floor of my cabin, and be ready to prevent any one bolting in at the front door, while I open to fire out at it. Yung shun is to get out the muskets for me, and be ready to load them. He is to have one of the bayonets, and Fang the other. These arrangements made, I propose opening the front door and clearing the front deck by firing out of the cabin, and then seizing an opportunity to jump out (after my shooting-jacket, with ammunition in the pockets, and my waist-belt and pistols are put on) to the fore-deck. I must load the double gun at night with No. 5 cartridges alone, both because there is more chance of hitting, and because the loading is more speedy. When out I can fire either at the back, if I find my own people are not in possession, or at the robbers' vessel to drive it off. I must not discharge any of my pistols, unless forced at the first rush to prevent entrance into my

cabin, but keep them to be ready for any sudden rush at me after I sally out. The firing before that must be done with the muskets and double-barrel. When Yung shun comes in, he must shut the door before doing anything else."—Pp. 218, 219.

In the course of his journey, he shot one canal pirate, and wounded another, while defending his own ribs from the points of a dozen spears. The whole country was alive with tumult; here and there a stain of blood on the earth announced the presence of civil war; military preparations were going forward on all sides. Among the rebels he made some curious notes, a few of which may be strung together:—

"From high to low they eat in parties of eight, each party having one table. Before seating themselves to eat, all kneel, and the chief person at the table devoutly repeats a considerable portion of this book [the "Sacred Book"]. All the fugitives from Nanking, Chiu keang, and Yang chow agreed as to this circumstance of *reverent recitation by the whole army before meals*."—P. 242.

Any outrage upon the women of a town taken by storm was invariably punished with death:—

"The Chinese women found in Nanking and Chin keang are all, young and old, shut up in separate buildings, and divided into squads of twenty-five, of whom the senior is constituted overseer, and according to which regular rations are served out to them. They are employed in preparing ammunition. No male, not even as father or husband, is allowed to enter the buildings thus appropriated. Whoever does so is put to death without further question. But the women were told by the leaders that their separation from their husbands and male relatives was only a temporary measure, and that as soon as affairs were settled, all would be reunited. Great care is taken of all children that come into their possession."—P. 243.

One incident is very picturesquely suggested. It happened soon after a friendly conference:—

"I had not slept long when I was again awakened; and, listening, found it was by the noise of voices resounding in deep earnest calls from ship to ship and boat to boat. The tones were alarmed, and almost tragic. 'What on earth is the matter now?' said I to myself, as I, for the second time, sprang up from my summer sleeping-mat, and stepped out at the open fore-door. I saw the rocks and trees of the western end of Silver Island and the whole of the river there lighted up by a glare of red light; and presently distinguished the cry that the 'long-haired' were breaking out, and sending down fire rafts before them. The windlasses of the nearest vessels were working as hard as they could, weighing anchor and hoisting sail; and in a very short time two or three were making off down the river. As that was clearly not the time and place to open communications with

the Tae pings, we followed their example. But observing that the light and the alarm were alike dying away, we presently anchored again."—P. 303.

Whatever we may have to object against the Chinese theories of Mr. Meadows, it is far from being our intention to depreciate his personal knowledge, or the importance of his testimony. On the contrary, we recommend his views of the present civil war to the study of every reader interested in the modern progress of the Chinese nation. His opinion is, that what has been termed Tae ping Christianity, has a clearly distinguished analogy to Puritanism on one side, and to Mohammedanism on the other, though retaining distinctive characteristics of its own, which render it the more singular, and its ultimate results more doubtful. With regard to these ultimate results, the following appears to us the most judicious summing up of probabilities that has appeared:—

"At present the Tae pings have the bulk of the learned class against them; but continued success would have, with the latter, its usual effect on man. If the Tae pings continue to progress, the learned will go over to them and profess Tae-pingism, in constantly increasing numbers; and then that struggle will commence between the Confucian or rational, and the Buddhistic or fanatical elements of the Tae ping Christianity, which I have pointed to as most likely to end in the triumph of the former, and in the definitive establishment of a sect, which will make the Bible alone the standard of belief, and will discredit all new revelations. But, in the meantime, the Manchoo dynasty has on its side all the troops composed of its own nation, together with as many Mongol auxiliaries as it may deem safe to bring in, both backed by the intelligence and wealth of the bulk of the educated and well-to-do Chinese, which intelligence and wealth is employed in raising and supporting Imperialist armies, composed of their poorer countrymen. All this may enable the present dynasty to put down the Tae pings, and every other rebel body. Hence, though I have thought it might be satisfactory to the reader to enumerate the chief elements of success on each side, I must after all repeat, as to the ultimate result, that the best informed of us cannot possibly form a reliable conclusion, but that the struggle, end as it may, will certainly be hard; and I do not believe, that either of the contending parties themselves even, can feel assured of ultimate success, whatever their language and their hopes may be."—P. 463.

This is candid and sensible. Connected with this question is another—What should be the policy of Great Britain towards China, thus convulsed by civil war? An ingenious French speculatist has proposed to form a joint-stock company for the purpose of conquering the country, and draining a large propor-

tion of its resources into Europe, in the shape of dividends. That idea might have fascinated the world in the days of the predecessors of Grotius; but Mr. Meadows argues, with a more just appreciation of the practical lessons of history, that we have no right, and no real inducement, to interfere in support of the reigning dynasty, or in favour of the insurrection. But if, he adds, any other power should take advantage of the confusion into which the politics of China are plunged, to break through her frontiers and invade her provinces, it would become a necessity of statesmanship to restrain that power. The only power that is likely to adopt such a policy of aggression is Russia, which along an extensive frontier is only divided from the Chinese empire by a yellow paling. Her encroachment in this direction began in 1643, when that struggle was commenced the latest development of which we have seen in the Russian acquisition of the Amoor, two or three years ago. The right of navigating that river has removed two great obstacles to her progress. It enables her, in a military sense, to turn the desert of Gobi, which has hitherto stretched like a rampart along some of the Chinese boundaries; but there is now a direct water-communication, available for steamers, to within an easy march of Monkden, the capital of Manchooria. Of this territory little is known. The latest accounts are those of the Jesuit travellers, who visited it a hundred and fifty years ago. But, as Mr. Meadows suggests, it is more probable that Russia, did she ever contemplate an aggression upon the Chinese empire, would avail herself of the summer months, when the sea is unimpeded by ice, and cross with a fleet and flotilla from the Amoor to the Peiho.

“She might, in this way be mistress of Peking and the surrounding country actually before the three maritime powers heard of her invasion; and, after that, have not only established a permanent unassailable internal communication with the Songari, but have seized and securely occupied Chih le Shan tung and the whole of the Yellow River valley, by the time that England, France, and America could bring up forces to retard her *further* progress. This would be the case, even if these three powers had previously arranged for instant action in the common cause. What would happen if there was no previous agreement, I may leave the reader to picture to himself.”—P. 477.

These, of course, are remote probabilities, but it is well to include them in all political calculations in connexion with China. With respect to the point at issue—the civilization of that country, the admission that it could scarcely make any defence, proves with what skill the emperors of the mighty Manchoo line have employed the resources of three hundred and sixty millions

of the human race. How is it that this vast realm, containing ranges as impassable as the Alps or Pyrenees, and rivers "to which the Rhine is a burnie," is thus exposed and defenceless? The Chinese, as Mr. Meadows reminds us, started with the oldest of the old Egyptians, outlived them, outlived the Persians, outlived Greece, and may outlive the Arabs. They are gradually displacing the Malays in the Indian Archipelago; they are competing with the negroes in the plantations of the West Indies,—with the Anglo-Saxons in the gold-fields of Australia, the Americans in California, the guano-collectors in the islands of Peru. Yet, in their own "splendid state-edifice," there has been perpetually recurring disorder and dissension. With their unparalleled density of population, they have never been able to equip an army equal to the worst in Europe; in spite of their familiarity with navigation, they have not a squadron that could compete with a single British war-steamer. What is the source of this incapacity?

We recommend our readers to acquaint themselves with the contents of Mr. Meadows's book, but to accept his opinions cautiously. When he affirms that China is the best misunderstood country in the world, and that "the Chinese philosophy, much as it has been written about, has never yet been rightly stated"—the one "right statement" being his own—we are warned of the presence of dogmatism; and when we find an argument against the doctrine of original sin intruded into an apology for Confucius, we detect something very like infatuation. Still, with all its faults of manner, its defects of arrangement, its positive and eccentric views, the book is valuable, because it helps us to a better understanding of China and the Chinese.

ART. III. *Revelations of Prison Life.* By George Laval Chesterton, Twenty-five Years Governor of the House of Correction, Coldbath Fields. Two Vols. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1856.

2. *Timpson's Memoirs of Mrs. Elizabeth Fry; with a History of her Attempt to Promote the Reformation of Female Prisoners.* London: Aylott and Jones. 1847.

IN that well-known *jeu d'esprit*, the joint production of Southey and Coleridge, "The Devil's Walk," one of the most caustic stanzas, which Coleridge used to say was "worth all the rest twice over," is that which tells of the infernal potentate that,

“As he passed by Coldbath Fields, he saw
A solitary cell;
And the Devil was charmed, for it gave him a hint
For improving his prisons in Hell.”

Little more than fifty years have passed since these lines were written, and if their pungency has been somewhat abated by the efforts of our philanthropists, enough still remains to be done on behalf of our criminal population, before they can lose their use as an irritant to our too sluggish consciences.

Just now, and not before it was wanted, a great cry for reformatories has been raised. In the pages of this Review, we drew the attention of the public to that subject, some months ago; since then, the cry has grown louder, and the “following,” to use a Scotch phrase, has become, numerically speaking, very strong. Moreover, for a wonder, the right book has been produced at the right time. The question of the saucy Frenchman, “when will a man write a book upon a subject which he understands,” has been partially met and answered.

A review of the state of prisons cannot fail to be interesting. No virtuous man can look upon guilt unmoved, any more than he so look on a conflagration, or a shipwreck; and a lifetime spent in such experiences, must have gained much knowledge combined with much sorrow.

Captain Chesterton has passed a quarter of a century, as governor of one of the most important prisons in the country. It was, and is called, the Middlesex “House of Correction.” The name is a good one; but its purpose and end have been singularly defeated. So far from being a house of correction, it has, for the far greater portion of its existence, been a nucleus of vice—a poison-tank, from which pipes and rills of crime were laid down to “supply” the Metropolis. It was the very head-quarters of general depravity; and we have no hesitation in saying, that if criminals, in lieu of being therein shut up, had been let loose on society, after a severe castigation upon conviction, society would have been the gainer.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago, Mr. Chesterton assures us, as every thinking and reading man well knows, the condition of our gaols was deplorable. A gaol-bird denoted the lowest roving criminal, and a gaol was an obscene den, where the Devil had set up his schoolmasters to teach vice. The neglect of common humanity had been punished after its kind. Gaol fevers were recognized as the most fearful scourges, and those who came in contact with them invariably suffered. We wonder, at this time, how people *could* have been so foolish as not to have been more kind and humane for their own sakes, but future ages will wonder at some of our crimes and follies in

the same way. For years the opening of the criminal session was the signal for the birth and spread of a local pestilence. In 1750, one of the judges at the Old Bailey sessions, Mr. Justice Abney, an alderman, one of the counsel, and several of the jurymen and witnesses, fell victims to it. Since that time, sweet herbs and rosemary have been strewn before the prisoner's dock, as one may see in Hogarth's plates (or in the popular illustrations to the trial of William Palmer), to keep the infection from those in the court, and as the latter case proves, the custom is still preserved. Twenty years before that, Chief-Baron Pengelly and Sergeant Shippen were killed at Blandford assizes, and the high-sheriff of Somerset died, during the same sessions, from the same cause.

The novelist and the obscure man of letters, long before the philanthropist Howard commenced his career, had marked this appalling state of affairs, and had made it public. Fielding, himself a justice of the peace, writing from experience, tells us what gaols were in his time. Every possible crime existed in their walls. The highwayman with the proceeds of his robbery was enabled to live "like a gentleman," whilst the poor debtor, shut up in the same gaol, died from want at his side. The gaolers were worse than the prisoners; a more horrible set of men probably never existed: but Mr. Chesterton's work gives us room to hope that they are now among the extinct genera. The trading justice,—of whom a most admirable study, but at the same time a most repulsive one, is given in Fielding's play, "The Justice caught in his own trap,"—used to set his underlings an example. Bribery and corruption were so open, that the price of a man's pardon was regulated. A guinea slipped into the hand of the constable secured, possibly, an escape in the first instance: in the second, if the affair went further, five guineas might make the magistrate abuse the prosecutor instead of the thief, and browbeat or quite suppress an important witness. Presuming that the accused were detained, a little money would procure him every comfort and solace, even down to the companionship of a female *friend* who might wish to share his prison with him. But woe to those who had no money! Abuse, tyranny, disease, starvation, death—waited upon those unfortunates. Before death, perhaps madness would intervene; and then came chains and whippings, nakedness and trampled straw, bread and water, and tortures slow, exquisite, and enduring, till the wretched creature sank!

This, we repeat, is the history of the gaol-bird under the enlightened reign of the Georges, and till that of the Fourth William. Whilst Horace Walpole detailed in elegant terms the gossip and scandal of the court,—whilst Lady Suffolk ruled, and

the polite Chesterfield gave lessons in the superficialities of life to his stupid son. However, the men of humour, whose fictions are often truer than the graver pages of the historian, did not sleep. Fielding had unmasked the abomination, and with his humane satire had shown the festering wound in the bosom of society; and Goldsmith, who did all things well, had given the world the benefit of his wisdom and humanity in "the Vicar of Wakefield," where the hero is thrown into prison, and where he attempts that reform upon a small scale, which those who copy Goldsmith without acknowledgment are now proceeding with. But even now he is before them.

The poor Vicar in Goldsmith's beautiful story, no sooner gets into prison, than with a wish of doing such lost creatures good, he walks amongst the prisoners; but the lewd oaths, ribaldry, and horrid sounds, soon drive him to his room again, where he meditates his reform. The humour in which the immediate result of this is detailed, is worthy of the master: "The next morning," writes the Vicar, "I communicated to my wife and family my intention of reforming the prisoners, which they received with *universal disapprobation*, alleging the impossibility and impropriety of it; adding, that my endeavours would no way contribute to their amendment, but *might probably disgrace my calling*." To which the Doctor answers with the wisdom of love, which is the highest wisdom, for it is that of our God and Saviour: "Excuse me (I returned), these creatures though fallen, are still men; and that is a very good title to my affections. Good counsel rejected, returns to enrich the giver's bosom. . . . If these wretches, my children, were princes, there would be thousands ready to offer their ministry: but in my opinion, *the heart that is buried in a dungeon, is as precious as that which is seated on a throne*." Nevertheless, society took this lesson slowly to heart. It would persist in regarding the criminal not as a natural result, but as a monstrous production which ought to be put an end to, in the quickest possible way. Instead of trying to eradicate the crime, they *would* continue to punish and spitefully use the criminals; they did so, over and over again, and with the most disastrous results. Criminals were hung, drawn, and quartered; sundry female forgers were burnt. They wrote their laws in blood. They believed not in the law of kindness; and punished not as an example, but out of revenge.

If in those days of gallantry, when loyalty, to quote the platitude of Mr. Burke, formed the cheap defence of nations, and twenty thousand swords were ready to leap from their scabbards rather than that a hair of the head of a Bourbon queen should

oe injured; men, notwithstanding such high-flown notions, rather regarded women as objects of their passion, than their equals and co-mates: we must do them the justice to own that their behaviour to their female prisoners was no whit better than to the male. Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, the benevolent Quakeress, who devoted a great portion of a long and useful life to acts of charity and benevolence amongst them, found them in the lowest state of degradation. In Newgate, the part of the prison allotted to them was a scene of the wildest disorder; swearing, drinking, gambling, obscene conversation, and fighting, were their only occupations. Filth and corruption prevailed on every side. In 1813, the Quaker lady first visited them; and in two yards and two cells, comprising about 190 superficial square yards, 300 women were at that time confined. These comprised those who had not been tried, and who, therefore, by law, were presumed to be innocent; those who had been convicted even of murder, and had, therefore, received the sentence of death; and those who, awaiting further trial, were as yet ignorant of the fate which awaited them. Here they saw their friends, cooked their victuals, and kept their multitudes of children. They slept on the floor, 120 in one room or ward, without even a mat for bedding, and many of them nearly naked; the weaker having been spoiled of their clothes by the stronger. The smell from such a number was sickening and disgusting. "All I tell thee," said Mrs. Fry, "is but a faint picture of the reality; the filth, the closeness of the rooms, the ferocious manners and expressions of the women towards each other, and the abandoned wickedness which everything bespoke, are quite indescribable."

The conduct of this Christian woman is pleasant to descant upon. She did her duty to her Master, and in person she visited her sisters. The governor, a timid, and not over-wise man, advised her not to go. He told her, at least, not to carry a watch or money with her, but she wisely disregarded him, and one morning the neat, clean, pure Quakeress stood amongst these poor creatures, who eyed her with amazement. "You seem unhappy," she said, with a sweet, calm voice, full of feeling. "You are in want of clothes, would you be pleased if some one were to come and relieve your misery?" Kind as the voice was, it seemed a mockery to them. "Who cares for us?" they cried, "who will clothe and comfort us, we have no friend, no, not even in heaven." Again the Quakeress spoke: "I am come to serve you, to pray with you, not to judge or to condemn you." She stayed with them as she promised; she clothed some of the children, she set the women to useful work, and drew up a series of very excellent rules, concluding the

visit by reading one of the most solemn and applicable portions of scripture, the parable of the "Prodigal Son." Poor prodigals, indeed! It must have been a touching scene, when the reading of that blessed chapter was concluded, and the Quaker visitors kept for a few moments, according to their wont, a deep silence, to watch the forms of the kneeling women, to hear their muttered but fervent prayer, or the sobs of repentance and of gratitude. One poor girl was there under sentence of death, for having murdered her baby; she was not yet eighteen, and she sobbed aloud as if to break her heart. Bitter, indeed, was her despair; oh! if she had only, when young, been visited with half the care which was now bestowed on her, when the time was past, the crime had been committed, and her days were numbered.

It may be useful for us here, before we enter into the pages of Mr. Chesterton's book, and come upon our own and immediately preceding times, to quote a report from the Committee of the "Society for the Improvement of Prison Discipline," which will show our readers that any thing which we have said, is, so far from being exaggerated, considerably below the truth: "Out of 518 prisons in the United Kingdom, to which 107,000 persons were committed in the year 1818, there were only 23 prisons in which the inmates were classed according to act of parliament; 59 had no separation between male and female prisoners; 136 had only one division for that purpose; and 68 had only two divisions. In 445 prisons, no work of any description had been provided. In 73, some work, yet exceedingly small, had been done. Many gaols were incommodious and unhealthy; and in 100 gaols, stated to be capable of containing only 8,546 prisoners, there were, at one time, 13,057 persons in confinement." In such a state as this, it was no wonder that Mrs. Fry found, in the better-class prisons, the women either engaged in playing at cards, reading improper books, begging at the gratings, or fighting for a division of the money which had been thus obtained.

The good which the "Improvement of Prisons Society" did, was, after all, comparatively little, from its first organization, to the times when Captain Chesterton takes up his narrative. It was in the good old Tom-and-Jerry days, when the police as yet were not, that this gentleman was elected the governor of his Majesty's House of Correction, for the County of Middlesex, in Coldbath Fields. The visiting magistrates, the county magistrates, and very nearly every one concerned, were thoroughly disgusted with prisons as they were, and wished heartily for a change.

"The House of Correction, at Coldbath Fields," writes its historian and governor, "was erected in the year 1794. Its site, at that time very well entitled it to the rural term in its designation, which it still retains; but the magistrates of that day, who do not seem to have been very acutely alive to the wantings of the coming millions, or royally indifferent to posterity, missed an opportunity in purchasing and enclosing a much larger tract of land. It is consequently now very much overlooked. The whole affair, to speak plainly about it, seems to have been as great a 'job' as any on record. The ground alone cost £4,350, and the original, no less a sum than £65,656. Conformably with the notions of the time, the building was massive; the outside frowned upon people like a Bastile. The half-circular buttresses which support the walls look very much like the round towers of the celebrated prison in Paris, and the place early acquired its appellation. To this day it is known by the cant term, of the '*Steel*!'"

"The late Mr. Samuel Mills, of Russell Square, an able and indefatigable magistrate," writes the narrator, "informed me, that impure gains had been acquired by individuals in collusion with the builders of that prison. This was made manifest enough in 1833, when the cholera slew nearly half the wretches therein imprisoned. Upon examining the prison sewers, it was found that the arches of them had been so badly constructed, that the bricks had fallen in, and so choked up the drains, that 'the stagnant accumulations had unquestionably engendered cholera, and, for a time, defied its eradication.'"

But this was not all. The death of thousands could no doubt be traced to this "job," but in addition to this, Mr. Mills informed the governor, "that the country justices had administered their functions in their own houses, and had so unblushingly received ample fees, as to have won for their residences the by-word of 'justice-shops.' He even named one then living, who had been distinguished by such discreditable traffic; and, in dilating upon the prevailing corruption of the period, Mr. Mills expressed his conviction, that magistrates had pocketed gains from the funds allotted to the erection of the prison."

There can be little doubt, but that after this pleasant little job, the magistrates went coolly to their day's work, and condemned an unfortunate and starving thief to a preparatory pollution, and a life of crime. Forrester, in his examination before the House of Commons, relates one pleasant trait of a certain justice, which was to cause all the unfortunate women of the town to be arrested, and then to dismiss them on their paying him a kind of black mail, varying from two shillings each to two pounds. The usual sum was ten shillings, "and

glad enough," adds Forrester, "the poor creatures were to pay it (that is if they had the money) to get away."

For the exorbitant sum of money named, the nation received at the hands of the Middlesex magistrates, a prison, containing 232 cells, wherein to lodge its criminals. Men and women, girls and boys, were indiscriminately herded together in this chief county-prison, without employment or wholesome control; while "smoking, gaming, singing, and every species of brutalizing conversation and demeanour tended to the unlimited advancement of crime;" so says Mr. Chesterton, quoting Mr. Robert Sibley, county surveyor. Meanwhile, let us see what the governor of that day was about. The picture will call up to us, almost irresistibly, that fine print of Hogarth, in the "Harlot's Progress," wherein the artist has depicted the interior of Bridewell.

"The governor of that day walked about, bearing in his hand a knotted rope, and ever and anon he would seize some unlucky wight by the collar or arm, and rope's-end him severely; thus exhibiting," says the captain, with the nearest approach to humour of which he has shown himself capable—"thus exhibiting a warning example of summary corporeal chastisement, calculated to overawe refractory beholders." Governor Aris, who had been formerly a baker in Clerkenwell, was at that time the governor, and was so notoriously cruel that Sir Francis Burdett raised a popular cry against him, and he was ultimately ejected from his office, and died in poverty.

Abuse and cruelty within the prison did not necessarily prove that the public were better protected out of it. The police offices and their "staff" were pretentious, mysterious, and costly when called into requisition. They performed their cleverest feats by collusion with the thieves themselves. The public or the executive used to believe in the adage, "set thief to catch thief," and not only to catch him, but to watch him. Nay, more than this, these "police" absolutely used to resent any attempt made by people to aid them. A Mr. Fuller was, in open day, robbed of his watch. He pursued, captured, and finally procured the conviction of the thief; but henceforth he was a marked man. His life was several times attempted. If he opened his window upon hearing his night-bell ring, a heavy stone or a sledge-hammer was cast at him. He was obliged to relinquish his business, and was still vindictively pursued. He applied to Bow Street, but to no purpose, until at last Sir Richard Birnie, the magistrate, "rebuffed him with the most unfeeling contumely." "You see," he concluded his narration of this pleasant episode, "you see, sir, my wasted form. I was

a man of a robust constitution, and in a thriving practice; my health has been ruined, and my interests sacrificed by a conspiracy against my safety and my life, simply for performing an act of duty; and in this civilized country even the state could afford me no protection."

It is Mr. Chesterton's greatest praise that he struck a well-aimed and deadly blow at the corruptions of the system. He found great support in those who had recommended him to place himself as a candidate for the office of governor, but a still greater opposition from those who wished the old system to continue. He was far from being in his first youth when he was elected. He had been for some years in the Royal Artillery, and had borne arms in a British regiment, embodied and transplanted to South America, to aid the state of Colombia in its war of emancipation with Spain. Returned to England, with impoverished means and broken health, Chesterton engaged in various civil pursuits, and at last was reading for holy orders with the Rev. Mr. Ousley, then chaplain to the prison, when that gentleman, interested in the welfare of the prison, the election of governor for which was then being agitated, proposed to Mr. Chesterton to become a candidate, and, eventually, through the use of great exertion, brought him triumphantly through the ordeal.

Here, then, we find him. His first introduction to his new abode, wherein twenty-five years of his life were to be passed, did not very favourably impress him. Prisoners and turnkeys were alike guilty. The inhabitants of the gaol lived in a state of the most friendly intercourse. A perfect system of connivance and collusion was instituted:—

"The cunning of Lucifer himself was scarcely adequate to detect the wiles and artifices with which all the prison abuses were contrived. In vain might a magistrate penetrate into the interior, and cast his inquisitive glances around him. Telegraphic signals had announced the presence of an unwelcome visitor, and all was promptly arranged to defeat suspicion. The prisoners would assume an aspect and demeanour at once subdued and respectful; the doors of cells would fly open to disclose clean basements, edged with thick layers of lime-white (deliberately used to conceal secrets hardly divivable), pipes had been extinguished and safely stowed away, the treadwheels had been manned and set in motion; while the designing turnkey was found at the head of his class, the very pattern of civility and respectful attention.

"No one, however mistrustful, would in such a cursory inspection, be led for one moment to surmise that the basements of all these cells were hollowed out, and made the depositories of numerous interdicted articles,—many of which might justly be termed luxuries. Those layers of lime-white frequently renewed, hid beneath their

surface an inlet to such hidden treasures ; and thus wine, spirits, tea, and tobacco, coffee and pipes, were unsuspectedly stowed away, and even pickles, preserves, and fish-sauce, might also frequently be found secreted within those occult receptacles."

We need not read many pages to find out how loosely discipline was kept up. The gaolers were as bad—nay, worse than the prisoners. The roof of the house having a kind of room immediately under it, is found out one night to be turned into a comfortable assembly room, where those who could pay for the indulgence used to smoke their pipes and enjoy a rubber at whist. A visiting magistrate stumbles one day over a hamper, and on inquiring about it, finds it full of very fine apples, which had been sent from a swell-mobsmen (with his respectful compliments), to Mr. Day one of the turnkeys. Christmas-puddings were no rarities ; turtle and venison might have been, and most probably were, eaten by the incarcerated. But *nous avons changé tout cela*. Vigorous and unremitting exertion swept away these abuses one by one. To supply the rapacity of the gaolers, the poorer prisoners were mulcted of their legal allowance, and were nearly starved. At last, one by one, or in batches of two and three, these pests of the gaol were removed, better men substituted, and urged on by the growing importance of the subject, and also by the example set by the Americans,—who were forced to study the subject, having no place whereto to banish their convicts,—the prison at Clerkenwell, assumed under Mr. Chesterton an approach to a model gaol.

We must not here withhold the due praise. As a *de-facto* governor, Mr. Chesterton, aided by his head-gaoler, Mr. Sims, formerly a sergeant in the Royal Artillery, could scarcely be surpassed. The most rigid punctuality, the most strict enforcement of the laws and regulations of the prison, existed therein. Possibly in these main coercive qualities no prison ever excelled her Majesty's House of Correction in Coldbath Fields.

"The captain of the place," writes Carlyle, in his "Latter-Day Pamphlets," giving a picture of Captain Chesterton, which those who knew him will not fail to recognize,—“a gentleman of ancient military or royal-navy habits, was one of the most perfect governors : professionally, and by nature, zealous for cleanliness, punctuality, good order of every kind ; a humane heart, yet a strong one ; soft of speech and manner, and yet with an inflexible vigour of command, so far as his means went : ‘iron hand in velvet glove,’ as Napoleon defined it. A man of real worth, challenging at once love and respect ; the light of whose mild bright eyes, seemed to permeate the place as with an all-pervading vigilance, and kindly yet victorious illumination ; in the soft definite voice it was as if nature herself were

promulgating her orders, which, however, in the end there would be no disobeying, which in the end there would be no living without the fulfilment of. A true '*aristos*' and commander of men. A man worthy to have commanded and guided forward in good ways, twelve hundred of the best common people in London or the world: he was here, for many years past, giving all his care and faculty to command, and guide forward in such ways as there were, twelve hundred of the worst. I looked with considerable admiration on this gentleman, and with considerable astonishment, the reverse of admiration, on the work he had been set upon."

Captain Chesterton by dint of great perseverance, and after the lapse of some time, did no doubt work a wondrous reform in the prison, so as to merit Carlyle's encomium. But he was, as he confesses, aided frequently by the prisoners themselves, and he tells so many anecdotes proving that there is "a soul of goodness in things evil," that we think that the low and wretched—too often the victims of society—untaught, or taught from their earliest infancy in sin, do merit some better term than that applied by Carlyle, of "Devil's Regiments of the Line."

It may be as well if we transcribe from an accurate eye-witness some of the duties and occupations of gaol-birds, in the improved state of prison discipline, which the country at large owes to Mr. Chesterton. Having obtained an order to visit the prison, the writer was introduced to the governor, a tall thin military man, very plain and even almost careless in his dress, by whom he was courteously introduced to a warder, who took charge of the party to conduct them through the prison. "The first thing he writes, which strikes you, is the quietude and perfect cleanliness of the place; the thick walls have not the slightest speck upon their surface. The passages are as cleanly as a dinner-plate. The warder walks before you with his key, and closes the iron gates after you, and suddenly you are let into a vast yard, wherein on either side of you the prisoners are at work. There is such an indescribable novelty in the appearance of the labour before them, that the majority of visitors do not know what to say about it. The tread-wheel is a long cylinder which works round by the tread of the feet of the prisoners, each of which, and there are many on each wheel, is divided from his fellow, and works solitarily, as far as he can see, in a long narrow slip, something like that in which the long ledgers in a merchant's counting-house are placed. At his feet is a companion sitting down, who after an interval of a quarter of an hour, will ascend in his turn, and tread at the heavy wheel till the fifteen minutes are again expired. The work, although it is a hot day, and those who are resting lean

against the partitions with a look of exhaustion upon their faces, is by no means hard, but even then some will try to shirk it; some have methods also of making it easier by leaning more on one side than another, or on alternate sides, but officers stationed with their faces to the wheel, recognize the number of the prisoner and quickly notice his endeavours. Underneath the machine turned by them, which is elevated to about the height of an ordinary first floor, are cells for the prisoners, not very large certainly, but sufficient for one person, beautifully clean, and ventilated in the very best manner. A wooden form serves them to sit upon, and to place their clothes on when undressed, and a slip of sacking fastened at the ends to iron stanchions in the wall, serves them for a bed. Several of the cells are open to view, and the blankets and counterpane, neatly packed, and strapped into a parcel by the prisoners, lie upon their bed. At the head of it also hangs a small board, upon which is pasted a form of prayer for morning and evening, to direct such as desire to commune with their Maker. Religion is not by any means forgotten, and a poor untaught, uncared-for creature, has learnt the first whisperings of a precious creed within these walls. Strange doctrine! that guiltless, starving, and struggling, one finds no clergyman to instruct, no visitor, or scarcely any to preach and pray with you; but when guilty and imprisoned, there are those who, whilst bringing consolation, first open your eyes to the enormity of your sin. A hard struggle has the chaplain and those who may assist him. Men to whom salvation is a by-word, Christ a name to swear by, God a Deity, if they can form the idea of Deity at all, who merely is appealed to to add a strength to their brutal and senseless oaths, religion and holiness totally unknown, feelings and self-restraint or negation almost impossible,—such men come here; and to them the chaplain may preach for hours, doing that which the schoolmaster long ago should have done, for we must remember that a very small per-centage of the wretched denizens of these prisons have had any education at all.

“A short passage leads the visitor to another strong room, with a floor built like the pit of a theatre, running down towards a wall, against which, mounted on high seats, several officers watch the proceedings. Here they are employed at picking oakum. More than two hundred are in this one room so employed, and each sits with an iron hook with a very sharp point, fastened on his knee, against which, after having untwisted the hard bit of rope, he pulls it, and thus tears it to pieces, so that he reduces it to tow again. The officer who accompanies the visitors, takes up the daily portion which each man has to unpick; it is a small bundle of pieces of rope, cut to about four-

teen inches long, and weighing three pounds and a half. A prisoner expert at this work can unpick his portion by two o'clock in the day, after which he may sit and read. In effect, a great many who have done so are seen dotted here and there, reading intently enough. A little space at the end of this room is allotted for the rope to be cut up and weighed, and tied into parcels for the prisoners.

"In another yard into which the prisoner is introduced at his first arrival, are little cupboards with a bath on each side of them. Into these baths, the convicts on their first arrival are plunged, their clothes taken away, and the prison dress substituted. The clothes worn by them are packed into a kind of oven, where they are fumigated with strong sulphur. These precautions are perfectly necessary for the health of the prison. But it took a very long time before such stringent rules could be thoroughly enforced and brought into working order."

When Chesterton was first elected governor, the House of Correction was very unwisely allowed to contain both male and female prisoners. From the latter, the governor experienced the most opposition and trouble. From the very moment that he entered the place, they seemed instinctively to have waged war with him. He was the essence of order; they the very incarnation of misrule. We must let him tell his own experience upon so delicate a subject. The first portrait is a worthy pendant to the lady who sat for her portrait in the Fleet Prison to the immortal Fielding.

"First, there was 'Bet Ward,' a young woman of real Amazonian form and stature; and of distinguished beauty. She was one of a stamp rarely exceeded in whatever constituted strength and symmetry. The spoilt child of a weak mother, who still doated on her, she had been consigned to ruin by false indulgence. Equally irascible and fearless, she was the terror of the female officials; but as she possessed a somewhat generous disposition, she was not wont to carry her violence to a very dangerous extent. Bet Ward was the first to assail me with vituperative language, and to indicate that she might be disposed to pay but little respect to the person of the governor. I, therefore, preserved a cautious distance, whenever I perceived her ire to become ascendant. A few years sufficed to see this once fine young woman enter the prison a mere wreck of what she had been. With withered features, and failing power, she exhibited the sure inroads of a licentious life, coupled with habitual drunkenness—its usual concomitant. The pride and fire of her eye were gone, and deep dejection occupied their place. From that time forth, I saw her no more, and doubt not that she fell an early sacrifice to a life of vice."

Other women also pass before the reader in this record of crime. One would "confront the male officers with the rage and fierceness of a tigress." In a memorable encounter, it

took six men to overpower her, and one of the number had cause to remember her resistance for many a long day. There is another, yet, who had acquired the feminine appellation of "Slasher." Need we say she was "Irish." She was of a tall and powerful build, and having cohabited with a pugilist, was learned in the art of self-defence. A pitched battle was no unusual interlude in her course, when excited by drink; and upon such occasions, her attitudes and tactics were said to be of the most approved order. In prison, and debarred from spirituous liquors, she was the very type of peacefulness."

We need not quote any more from this long catalogue of female debasement. Some few of them, but it is cheering to know, very few indeed, were educated. With such, crime seems to have been a perfectly chronic disorder. Checked and imprisoned, they would repent and reform; and the chaplain "would make a very flattering report of their appearance, docility, and intelligence." Once again exposed to temptation, they would succumb without the slightest resistance. Drunkenness, resulting possibly from the thorough inability to govern themselves, seems to be the chief agent in their fall; and this passion for drink "absorbs every other feeling in the heart, and stands alone an awful cankering curse."

"Persons such as these," writes the governor, "would be the frequent inmates of all the Metropolitan prisons; and, in this round of incarceration, those who were able (*and they were but few*), would write letters to their chosen friends, who might be located in other prisons. This peculiar class of people were remarkable for three things: First, the steadfast, never-failing denial of guilt, notwithstanding the plainest evidence to disprove their assertions. Secondly, the complacent estimate they appeared to form of their own status, notwithstanding the damning testimony against them of nine-tenths of society in general, and their own sex in particular. And, thirdly, the farcical *empressement*, they threw into their attachment with some chosen prison-associate, misnamed friend."

To illustrate this, Captain Chesterton gives some extracts of letters from two attached prison-friends—ladies who were as weak and as romantic as school-girls; but we do not see anything to be wondered at. These people no doubt fancied themselves martyrs to the exigencies of society, and the blessings of friendship and of consolation were not denied them. The condolence of two of the basest of their kind, over the hardships which their vice entails upon them, is a subject which would make Voltaire chuckle and grin, and a humane Christian sigh and groan.

Industry, and firm and rigorous treatment, put an end to the vagaries of Mr. Chesterton's female subjects. Young ladies,

confined in Clerkenwell Gaol, would, when unemployed, not only attack warders and matrons, but absolutely in their dormitories revolt, and openly attempt to conquer the men. Six of these young Amazons, to whom it might be said, "*furor arma ministrabat*," were one night found in open revolt, brandishing their weapons, and, incited by their leader, who cried out to her followers, "Come on, come on now, *if you're girls*." Constant employment—the panacea for these disorders, which Mrs. Fry had found so thoroughly to succeed—at last gave Captain Chesterton a quiet kingdom; but the increasing number of criminals at last obliged the Government to devote the whole of the space in the House of Correction to male convicts only.

The gaol inmate is *now* fully employed; those who are too old to learn a trade, pick oakum, or make mats, doing, in fact, the rough work of the prison. Others become, under careful tuition, excellent tailors or bootmakers; the whole of the clothing of the establishment is made within the walls of the gaol. The very gowns and collars of the few females within the walls, wives of the warders or servants of the governor, are washed, and that capitally, by the men.

Although the great majority of prisoners are brutally ignorant and totally untaught, and during Captain Chesterton's governorship, so wild and savage, that at one time he never walked about without loaded pistols, and slept in fear of his life; yet there is a per-centage of educated men in every gaol. Some men will turn to sin, and no class of society is free from those who almost naturally take to wrong and wicked courses. One of these, a young surgeon, who was convicted of arson—the crimes of the educated are always of a different class to those of the untaught—pursued a kind of thieves' literature in the prison, wrote a tract on the habits of his comrades, and was at last made to assist in the gaol by becoming schoolmaster to a host of young thieves. The manuscript of the surgeon seems to have been lent to and lost by Lord Shaftesbury. A son of a baronet, the wife of another baronet, persons of high families, clergymen, and members of the universities, have contributed to swell the list of 250,000 prisoners, who have passed under Mr. Chesterton's eyes, but the number of those who are taught to those who are untaught are so small, so really insignificant, that we do not know any weightier argument in proof of education than can be got out of this record of prison-life, or out of the calendar of those tried at the Old Bailey or at Hicks's Hall. A few celebrated names in the annals of crime are chronicled by Mr. Chesterton, but it would neither serve our purpose nor that of morality, to add to the fame of such heroes in vice, by extracting any description of their personalities.

We must hasten to the conclusion. Better qualified to judge than any other person, the author of "Prison Life," has been throughout his work singularly free from dogma. That he has formed certain conclusions, there can be no doubt, but he keeps them to himself. We may gather from his pages that he considers reformatories as an innovation, and that he regards them rather with pity than otherwise. He is by no means hopeful as to the reformation of criminals generally. When the guilty person had been committed to his charge, the ex-governor seems to have thought that his whole business was to administer due correction properly, and see that everything went in its usual excellent course. The prison was with him a machine which was always kept well regulated. Of any ulterior result arising from punishment, or any possible renovation of character, Captain Chesterton seems to have thought little. Probably we are demanding too much, occupied as he incessantly was, to expect for him to do so. He was attached to the shot exercise* and the tread-wheel, but appears to us to put little faith in the schoolmaster. Yet he gives us frequent examples of reform, and in his relation of the awful visitation of the cholera to the prison, tells us of many a poor prisoner who bore the scourge like a martyr, or who nursed the victims with the tenderness of a woman. He shows us, also, that with the very worst there is some impulse towards goodness left—some sense of wrong and right, of justice and injustice.

"Of this," writes he, "I have been made perfectly aware, *that so strong is the sense of justice even amongst the lowest malefactors, that*

* The writer before quoted will give the reader a description of this punishment: "Passing through the garden, upon the wall of which bunches of sweet herbs are hanging to dry, my visitors come upon a battalion of men curiously employed at the 'shot exercise.' One might fancy the place on which they stand were a large chess board, entirely full, and the pieces represented by men, who at a sign from the warder, lift a heavy shot from the ground, and walking a step or two to the next space, there deposit it. As each man does this, the pyramid of shot at one end gets quickly moved to the other, and then the work is carried on again till the shot is lifted back again. The work is not only hard, but it has the disadvantage of being useless and senseless, and the fellows who are breaking their backs lifting the heavy shot merely to drop it again, no doubt curse both the labour and those who put them to it. The immortal Jean Jacques has left it upon record '*that the wicked are puzzling*;' and that law-makers find them especially so, no one can doubt, but surely there is work to do in this world better than 'shot exercise,' which is stupid, senseless, and useless. As for the uselessness, government seems determined to throw their labour away. The tread-wheel in the establishment does nothing but grind the cocoa which the prisoners have for their breakfast, and they can grind by it enough in one week to serve them for three months, so the rest of that interminable grinding only wears out the machinery."

whatever amount of punishment may have been inflicted on themselves personally, if they are conscious that it resulted from the just exercise of duty, they retain no resentment whatever, but will smile and bow with as much complacency as though they had been petted and indulged."

We do not know how this sentence strikes others; but to us it is excessively touching. Poor fallen humanity bearing labour, and pain, and punishment "with a smile and a bow" if they were only sure that it were just! "In a like manner," continues the Captain, "I discerned that excessive rigour failed in its effect. Mete out the punishment proportionately with the offence, and most offenders will in their hearts acknowledge they deserved it, and their outward demeanour will attest their conviction." Oh, government and society! will you not take a hint from this axiom drawn from the experience of a life and apply it to the prevention of crime? Criminals increase upon us, and will do so, so long as untaught and unfed, at odds with the world and his fellow-creatures, the poor outcast child is brought up in the hard school of sin, the impulses of good within his heart stifled by the sense of neglect and wrong, the germs of vice growing quickly under the jealousy engendered by poverty and despair. Such a child will grow up a true gaol-bird. But let him once feel that his lot is as the lot of others, that God's even-handed justice is dealt out amongst the poor, and then he will accept his burdens with a bow and a smile; he will work cheerfully and earnestly to add to the common good of all; he will become that most valuable of all members of society—a skilled and honest workman. And taught and cheered by his example, the "dangerous classes" will throng the schools, not the gaols, and will "cease to do evil and learn to do well."

ART IV.—*Memoirs of the Court, Aristocracy, and Diplomacy of Austria.* By Dr. E. Vehse. Translated from the German by Franz Demler. Two Vols. Longmans. 1856.

THERE is a considerable portion of every nation's history which could not be safely committed to record, except in invisible ink. On the one hand, there are considerations of state which demand a temporary concealment; and, on the other, there are motives of personal vanity which prompt men to make provision for the ultimate revelation of any policy in which their own skill has been employed, and which, as it has achieved for

them the solid advantages of power, they not unreasonably imagine will procure honourable remembrance, and a renown, at any rate, more durable than their direct tenure of authority. This observation applies, with more or less force, to every form of government; but its truth is most clearly seen in connexion with the growth of empires that are based upon the mutilated liberties of mankind. Even if all other political schemes could afford to be transparent while yet incomplete, assuredly despotism would prove an exception: its main strength lies in the secrecy of its action; premature discovery of its designs and methods would provoke revolution, and hasten its downfall; its business being to undermine those instincts which constitute the foundation of social morality, silence and darkness are indispensable conditions of success. Hence we find that the blanks in any overt history bear a constant proportion to the extent of power vested in the executive government. Hence, also, those long arrears of narrative, which antiquarian zeal labours to overtake, and which are welcomed with peculiar zest by a curious world, under the name of *Secret History*. That such memorials are more frequently suppressed than destroyed, must be accounted for by supposing the chief actors desirous of personal fame, and anxious that theirs should not be the ephemeral and unmeaning notoriety of mere cotemporaries and spectators, but the immortality of master-builders. Accordingly, their names, together with their plans, are inscribed, as if in invisible ink, with a well-balanced probability of continuing secret as long as it shall be needful, and of reaching a timely discovery when the minds of men are wistfully fixed upon the period of their successful labours. To most men, this apparent incompatibility between the necessity for concealment and the desire to secure a full-orbed glory for themselves, must often have presented powerful temptations. They probably saw that in giving way to the yearning love of posthumous praise, they would be incurring the ridicule rather than the esteem of posterity, inasmuch as the candid display of their own ingenuity might explode the unfinished fabric to which that ingenuity had been devoted, and so consign their names to all coming time inseparably identified with conspicuous failure. And yet it was hard that all the craft and patient manœuvring—all the toil and study—all the individuality of genius should be absorbed in the glory of general results. With immeasurable complacency they had been accustomed to compare means and ends—transferring the broad glories of success to the hidden steps by which it was attained; and it could not be without a shudder and a struggle that they consented to resign their pretensions to the immediate admiration of their fellow-men, and

to lay aside, amidst the lumber of ages, the register of those daring and wise deeds, which, if laid bare at once, would have soothed their irritated age, by winning the applause of the world, and so have secured for present enjoyment that recompense, which otherwise could be theirs only through the fitful medium of hope. In some few cases, this struggle between vanity and prudence has issued in the gratification of public curiosity, without any prejudice to public interests. But such harmless exposure of secret schemes could only occur when all the contemplated ends had been compassed and made safe. In all other cases, personal pride must be sacrificed, or a compromise struck, by which the cherished plans may be secreted for a season, but eventually revealed. In the earlier history of Austria, for example, there was no breathing space for this species of private vanity. Each generation, as it prepared to pass from the scene of its incessant but not fruitless strife, laid itself quietly to rest under the conviction, that a bold stroke for personal fame would betray to ruin the very cause to which all life had been devoted, and on which their true renown must principally repose. Even the chance of individual weakness, however, was generally provided against. Men, whose chief life has been a mystery, must needs fall asleep in seclusion. If any one member of the Imperial house, or any one of the long line of illustrious counsellors had been disposed to amuse his self-conceit by reckless disclosures, there were always watchers in such hours of weakness, who not only awaited the moment when the exciting game should pass into their own hands, but used the utmost vigilance and precaution against everything which might spoil that game.

Considerations of state are paramount with the living, and the desire of vindication or applause is uppermost with the dying rulers of mankind—the one leading to the present suppression, the other providing for the ultimate revelation of the truth. As the ages roll past, state secrets accumulate so rapidly, that it becomes impossible to exercise more than a very attenuated care over the remoter records of the commonwealth. The inquisitive find easy access to the treasures once jealously guarded from inspection. Well-qualified “prospectors” take possession of mouldy memorials, as of so much ore; and, by slow labour, extract the nuggets, which other collaborators will fuse and mould into the current gold of history. The griffin still, indeed, keeps watch and ward; but it is at other portals, and over other hoards of secrets.

The time comes when the most tremulous despotism may invite the researches of the learned without any fear of consequences. The time may come, too, when it is for the unmixed

advantage of a state to have its secret history disinterred, and its public annals corrected by faithful reference. Such times have come at length in the venerable career of the House of Hapsburg. So far from having anything to fear from the keenest scrutiny and the most extensive publicity, the Imperial interests can only, and will surely gain. The huge system of annexations, which is somewhat loosely denominated the Austrian empire, has undoubtedly many weak points; and we cordially sympathize in the almost universal hope, that no combination of events may ever have the effect of strengthening those weak points in the unnatural frontier of Austria; but the substantive monarchy, which the children of Rodolph have carved out for themselves, and the formative stages of which were characterized by so many fierce trials, has now, for some time, cooled down into a granite mass, which nothing short of a shaking of the nations can dislodge, and on which the ordinary heats of international conflict or local revolution leave only a superficial sign that scathing fires have passed that way.

There is, therefore, nothing to fear, even if continual research should confirm the impression hitherto produced, that the whole tower of Austrian power and pride is the handiwork of slaves—built of violated rights and broken liberties—planned, from the very basement, by fiendish cunning, and resting on a foundation of lies.

Other nations, about whose stability no fear is entertained, have long been known to trace to no purer prestige the dawns of their bright reputation; and all that can be said about Austria in particular is, that she has contrived to perplex speculative statesmen abroad, and to hoodwink obedient victims at home more thoroughly, and for a longer time, than her rivals in infamy. Not only then is it perfectly safe, but it is, in all probability, highly expedient to dispel the mystery of falsehood which hangs over long distant times and events. By abandoning the attitude of watchfulness, such an astute executive as Austria can generally boast, plainly declares that its position is now independent of the criticism of the wise, or the indignation of the virtuous—independent, either through some change in the direction of its policy, or by the substitution of radically different means to the unchanged end of self-aggrandizement.

If Austria had entirely lost her character for energetic ambition, this relaxation of long-cherished jealousy might pass for sheer indolence, and be accepted as an omen of that doom for which the rest of the world is weary with waiting; but when we see the stately mannerism of her unfailing pride—when we see her girt at all points, like a strong man whose race is yet to run,—we

interpret far differently the carelessness with which she allows the most humiliating disclosures to be made without any symptom of shame, and the most startling explanations to be bruited freely as the key to her closest secrets in the past. The impression produced upon the student of this esoteric version of history is eminently favourable to the pretensions which Austria has lately assumed.

As we handle the several fragments of truth, drawn from the secret stores, and find it impossible to match the truth, or to find a niche for it in the smooth falsehood, so long received as veritable history, we are not only amazed at the frauds by which the mighty ones of earth have prospered, but we are made aware of a special faculty for contriving deceptions, which will haunt and almost unnerve us in our intercourse with such an incarnation of intrigue. For we are forced to conclude that such an exposure would never have been permitted, or even risked, unless the sophisticating ingenuity of her counsellors had hit upon some more subtle and inscrutable principle of trickery.

It tells against us, but immensely in favour of a state circumstanced like Austria, that whenever we approach her, and for whatever purpose, our moral courage will be assailed by the suspicion of her sincerity, and by the recollection that, however long and frequently suspected of double-dealing, she was seldom clearly convicted, except by what was tantamount to a confession; and that, of course, only after the lie had done its work. If Austria were reformed—morally revolutionized—our uneasiness would cease; but anything short of a religious convulsion leaves us a prey to the restless misgiving, that she is untrustworthy, and yet, for a time, beyond the reach of conviction.

Another and less questionable advantage will accrue to Austria (as, indeed, to any state with anything like a kindred experience), by throwing open the *arcana* of the state to philosophical investigation. While actually encountering the thick-coming difficulties of her highly artificial position, Austria was wise in veiling their number and magnitude with Aulic secrecy. But now that they have been surmounted, it is wise to array them in the most imposing manner, that men may admire the intrepidity, the self-denial, or the skill, or the good fortune, which enabled a state to surmount such appalling obstacles, and to convert all her perils so uniformly into occasions for self-discipline and consequent strength. Nay, this advantage may even be heightened by a candid exposition of the means by which difficulties were made to disappear, because it testifies of fertility in contrivances, so inexhaustible as to

remain unimpaired—in the opinion of its possessors at any rate—by explaining such means as soon as the immediate necessity has ceased. We will proceed one step further in describing the gain that may result to a state by this kind of posthumous candour. From the secret history of Austria, we shall learn that many of her most marvellous escapes and successes, which in the received histories are attributed to the providence of statesmen, were, in reality, due to that concurrence of favourable but unexpected circumstances, usually called good luck; and we shall often be constrained to echo the exulting exclamations of her own light-hearted children, who call their oppressed country, *Austria Felix*.

Now, although we are by no means disposed to attach the slightest importance to cases of what appears to be purely fortuitous good—except as it serves to correct the conceited assumptions of human wisdom—we must make allowances for the inferior enlightenment of our fellow men, and take into calculation the prodigious effect generally produced upon half-enlightened minds by successive instances of good fortune. We know that in the crisis of many a well-contested battle, the wavering have been revived, or the successful have been suddenly disheartened by such an impression; and there is no tracing the effects of such an idea through the various ramifications of state-craft and diplomacy. The reputation for good luck will often secure it. And besides, such a tradition will serve as a set-off to many a page of crime and wrong. For what is more easily suggested, and what will men more readily admit than an interpretation of luck into a mark of heavenly approval and love!

In the work before us—where the old standard histories of Austria have evidently been torn to rags, and then wrought up along with the recently acquired materials—we scarcely need the special indications, in which the writer so frequently indulges, lest the lucky conjunctures of his narrative should escape our respectful observation. Whether or not the bastard piety of the monkish chroniclers inclined them to greater regularity in registering these fortunate occurrences—deeming them tokens of greatly merited grace, or whether the relative position of Austria gives it any advantage when commotions are rife, and the current of events is changing, we will not now inquire; but we are obliged to confess that the more we attempt to fathom the sources of Austrian greatness, the more does the impression prevail, that her colossal figure is a monument of what we should not hesitate to call good luck, as distinguished from the favour of God. We travel through long intervals of time and through many pages of Dr. Vehse's attractive volumes

—throughout which we are frequently reminded of a stream winding safely along rock-strewn and even subterranean channels—but scarcely ever are we struck with the analogy of a ship bravely piloted. For it is very often when imbecility, and cowardice, and madness prevail throughout all its influential ranks, that Austria develops most rapidly.

In other passages we are made to tremble for the tottering fabric erected with so much genius; we begin to think that the favour of Heaven, so often forfeited by the iniquity of her rulers, is about to be withdrawn from happy Austria, and we anxiously await the issue of life-struggles from which final dismemberment would seem to be the easiest method of escape. But the crisis in which no immediate luck befalls only serves to illustrate, more splendidly than ever, the happy tenure by which Austria retains the richest prizes of ambition. Sure as the day of her adversity is the rise of an extraordinary deliverer, whose opportune existence confirms the proverb, but whose chief business it is to supply, by quick ambidexterous craft, the shortcomings of befriending fortune.

The entire development of the Austrian empire lies within the field of modern history, and from this circumstance it might be supposed that its annals would be found very prosaic, or coloured only by such tinge of romance as rests upon the horizon of European affairs in every direction when some blazing meteor sweeps across the hemisphere. But while partaking largely of the excitement attending the birth of eras, and the remodelling of society through several ages, Austria has an individuality of interest unsurpassed either in intensity or variety by any nation, and the dramatic situations presented in her narrative are so startling and so numerous, that her history approaches the sublime. At the same time, whether it be that her good fortune extended its influence to the skill of her annalists, or from any similar cause, it is worthy of remark that the celebrated men of Austria will vie with those of any country in the anecdotes which they have furnished; and the anecdotes thus furnished in unrivalled numbers, will be found up to the average in point of amusement, and above the average in their direct bearing on the growth of national character, and on the political affairs of Europe.

It is well known by all who are familiar with the progress of literature on the Continent, that Dr. Vehse has devoted the best years of a studious life to the collection of material for a serial history of the German courts since the time of the Reformation, and a great part of his labours, especially such as are concerned with the smaller courts, must be not only well known, but also highly appreciated, if we may judge from the freedom

with which his researches have been used, and occasionally appropriated, by eminent essayists in every country of Europe. In portraying the characteristics of the Austrian court, our author has no doubt met with a singularly congenial task; for in his prevailing moods he is a passionate lover of gossip, and yet there is a philosophic sternness about him, which assures us that he sincerely prefers the gossip of great men—such gossip as reverberates through the cabinets and capitals of nations, and echoes through all time. To some extent, even in the production of what may be novelties to the general reader, Dr. Vehse has pursued the track first beaten by the adventurous footsteps of men destined to a higher celebrity than any that his own laudable labours are likely to attain. But he has collated the results of previous inquiries with exemplary care, and at least it can be said that he has thriftily gleaned the fields which his predecessors carelessly harvested. Especially is our author indebted to Joseph von Hormayr, who, by virtue of his position and talents, became heir to the buried legacies of many wise and great men of by-gone ages. The very appointment of this remarkable genius to the keepership of the Imperial family and state archives of Vienna, was like a challenge to the most rigid investigation of old Austrian policy by the critical world. His peculiar talents were well known, and, indeed, constituted his claim to advancement. But the fact of entrusting state records and the secrets of a proud royalty to such a guardian, was equivalent to a public declaration that all necessity for concealment or for resorting to falsification had ceased. For this man was endowed with a memory scarcely inferior to that of Julius Scaliger, and had trained himself to habits of indefatigable plodding, which we should be at some loss to parallel. The amount of gain to veritable history cannot, however, be fully estimated by the individual discoveries and contributions of Hormayr himself, during his twenty-five years' tenure of the important office. The freedom of access once established in the case of so competent an investigator, it could never be gracefully or usefully closed to others similarly engaged, though not equally gifted. Hence, it has come to pass that when any historical student is involved in perplexity and suspicion, he has recourse to the treasury of state secrets in Vienna, where his zeal is generally rewarded by some striking disclosures, or solutions, or elucidations both of the internal policy of Austria, and of her diplomatic relations with other states. No better illustration of this point occurs to us just now, than the entire history of critical opinions on the subject of Wallenstein's guilty designs in reference to his master Ferdinand II., who trusted him so largely as the chief glory and frequent saviour of the

empire. The immediate contemporaries of that tragical passage in German history differed strangely in their opinion. In addition to the plain "yes," or "no," which criminated or absolved the illustrious hero, and which were sealed by the blood of the respective champions, there were many stages and shades of approximation to either extreme. So much was this the case, and so intricate was the confusion introduced into the story by the chief actors and the first narrators on either side, that, even down to a very late day, the most able debaters in literature, have fought to the point of exhaustion without, on either side, relinquishing the sword.

The general opinion of mankind, however, has succumbed to the untiring misrepresentations of the defenders of the Imperial honour. For this state of things, many will be thankful when they recall some of those most magnificent pages of modern poetry, which Schiller could not or would not have penned, had the actual evidence in the case, been accessible in his day. But while thankful that the misconception of centuries has proved so prolific a fable in the hands of genius,—we must ever recur to the sovereign claims of character, and the demands of pure morality, when dealing with the illustrious accused, whose power of self-defence is taken away from them for ever. Schiller, proceeding upon the presumption of Wallenstein's guilt, has covered that guilt with the glory of his own genius; but the necessities of his erroneous belief constrained him to put language into the lips of his criminal hero, which has been more than fulfilled indeed, but which must at length be shaken from its unjust connexion with the name and deeds of Wallenstein. Very masterly is the portraiture of threatened ambition which the poet has offered in the expressions of his hero, when signs of his approaching fate multiplied thickly around him; and, in placing such language in the lips of Wallenstein, the poet is offering a metaphysical explanation, and thus, indirectly, an endorsement of the hero's guilt. In replying to the taunts of his evil genius, the Countess Tertsy, who paints in striking colours the horrors of humiliation from so high a state, Wallenstein gives way to an imprecation which, if he had really uttered it, we might have pronounced marvellously fulfilled. His words are—

"Doch eh' ich sinke in die Nichtigkeit,
So klein aufhöre, der so gross begonnen,
Eh mich die Welt mit jenen Elenden,
Verwechselt, die der Tag erschafft und stürzt,
Eh spreche Welt und Nachwelt meinen Namen
Mit Abscheu aus, und Friedland sey die Losung
Für jede fluchenswerthe That."

"But ere I sink down into nothingness,
Leave off so little who began so great—
Ere that the world confuses me with those
Poor wretches whom a day creates and crumbles,
This age and after ages speak my name
With hate and dread, and Friedland be the watchword
For each accursed deed."—*Coleridge*.

We say that this poetic imprecation has its counterpart in the estimate of Wallenstein generally entertained since his death by the publicists and moralists of Europe. And, having at one time taken some pains to get up the case in both its aspects, we must confess to some surprise that any intelligent and impartial inquirer could ever have been tempted to doubt the justice of Wallenstein's crimination, however he might deplore the severity of his punishment. The controversy has, nevertheless, been revived of late years: fresh materials have come to hand unexpectedly, and the decision of centuries has been finally reversed. The external history of the transaction, as put forth in 1634 by the Imperial court in justification of the hero's murder, has lately been subjected to siftings, comparisons, and criticism, which even the most genuine narratives would barely sustain. Even the latest apologist for the proverbial ingratitude of the House of Hapsburg, Count Mailath, has been driven to admit, that the plausible version of 1634 is a tissue of falsehoods. Further, although we accept the story, as reported second-hand by the Marchese di Grana, and take for granted that some of the leading conspirators did all in their power to destroy the silent witnesses of their guilt, by burning letters and the like, common sense tells us that so extensive a plot, matured by diligent correspondence through months and years, must have scattered indelible traces of its existence, and that the chapter of accidents was agency sufficient to ensure the ultimate discovery of such traces. But no proof affecting Wallenstein is forthcoming. There are abundant memorials of a conspiracy, but then Wallenstein was the victim, and not the chief. Whenever any new discovery has been made touching this matter, there has been an absolute impossibility of torturing out any view which could establish the unjust accusation, or vindicate the long-lived surmise of Wallenstein's traitorous design. Fifty years ago, certain Austrian officers made a discovery of documents in the garret of the town-hall of Budweis, in Bohemia, and these turned out to be the official papers of Wallenstein's field-chancery. These papers were published at large, in the Austrian Military Journal, and the only effect of their publication has been to impress all honourable men with a sense of the utter depravity and worthlessness of the secret enemies of the great duke. A still more valuable discovery

was reserved for the Prussian councillor, Förster, who has not only edited the letters of Wallenstein, but has, on all occasions, acted the part of an enthusiastic champion. This discovery was made in the archives of the Vienna War Office, so lately as 1828, and it affords the most unimpeachable proof, that Wallenstein was the (not first nor latest, but most illustrious) victim of the intrigues of Italian-Spanish Jesuits, seconded by the miserable and monstrous falsehoods of Maximilian, of Bavaria. On the whole question, we believe that we are now entitled to make our selection between the two rather incongruous summaries of the case as it stands, which Dr. Vehse furnishes.

In one place he says: "The controversy will most likely never be settled in a satisfactory manner;" but two pages further on, he remarks: "The whole state of the question may be summed up in a few words; *there is not one tittle of positive evidence against Wallenstein in all that has been found*, either at Vienna, or in the royal archives of Sweden, or in the papers of Arnim, which are kept at Boitzenburg, the family-seat of the Arnims." Resting our own researches at this halting-place in the controversy, we are disposed to fling an unceremonious denial as our answer to the first quoted sentiment, and to maintain that the controversy is settled in a manner perfectly satisfactory to all who appreciate the logical force of probability in matters at once capable and destitute of proof. We have dwelt at some length on this subject, not because of its inherent interest, but because it furnishes an apt illustration of the kind and extent of rectification which we are justified in expecting from the gradual collation of secret with public histories of long past events and characters. Histories may rank as classic by the purity of their style, and as such, do good service to the student. But the legitimate influence of history strikes beneath the soil where the graces of composition are nurtured, and affects the very springs from which future history will be developed. Hence the importance of having undisguised and ungarbled records of the past. Fables may charm and may even exert a beneficial influence on mankind; but whenever fable is substituted for fact in the grave annals of a people, the great lessons which Providence intends to be taught from age to age become confused and contradictory, and so either useless or hurtful. All honour, then, to the men who burn the oil of life in the mouldy recesses where truth so often lies concealed from the truth-loving Clio.

The scope of Dr. Vehse's Memoirs is coincident with the space occupied by the Hapsburg dynasty; and, indeed, is stretched so as to include the eventful introduction of the present Hapsburg-Lorraine rulers. It is full of life. The book is a transcript of life as it is seen in courts, camps, council-

chambers. Every page is a scene to which either the subject or the genius of the author has imparted a peculiar beauty. Many of the events in the earlier history are related with the minuteness of a *procès verbal*, or rather, their relation, though admirably condensed, leaves upon the mind an image as accurately and sharply defined as would follow immediate cotemporary inquisition into the facts.

Great characters stand confessed, as if H. B. had seen them, caught them, drawn them. Indeed, it is a fact that, with only few exceptions, the further these events and characters are removed by lapse of time, the more consistent and intelligible is the account given of them. This we have explained at large. There is no anomaly in the phenomenon at all; because if men wear a mask through life, the plaster-cast taken after death must give, not only a better, but the only portrait of the individual. If the facts of any particular period are so far within the reach of one whom they involve that he can either stifle them in part or bury them wholly, the chances of a resurrection are great, and so we come to understand the affairs of our ancestors better than the worthies themselves. Of course there are blanks which no research is ever likely to fill, and even poetic genius would fail to enliven; and there are series of events, very recent in their occurrence, concerning which we have the most ample knowledge for all valuable purposes. But, then, the secret mines have been, in such instances, blown up by revolution or evacuated by the ever-shifting policy of state, so that the curious may "wander at their own sweet will" as freely as if the dismantled arcana were a thousand years old. There is Metternich, for example, and his long career of mysterious policy. In ordinary circumstances we should have been compelled to imitate that great statesman in one of his most valuable characteristics—"time abiding;" but the conclusion of the grand Napoleonic tragedy afforded an opportunity for the entrance of Gower and Epilogue too, and gratified the inquisitive spectators by a full exhibition of that far-reaching address, and that unparalleled cunning which first complicated the whole course of events to the point of hopeless entanglement, and then unwound the tangled skein in a fashion most convenient and profitable to Austria. And, besides, as a private statesman, as the chancellor of the empire, and the constant counsellor of the throne, his principles of government (together with the means he employed) were either eternally scattered or else finally inwrought with the very fabric of the constitution by the convulsions of 1848. The foreign policy of Metternich was not only the completest in theory that the world has ever seen (for, surely, in most respects it was so), but it was the only completely

successful policy, worthy of the name, of which modern history furnishes an example. And, as we have remarked before, disclosures are more likely to be advantageous than hurtful, when the subject of such disclosures has been wedded to success; so that we do know the celebrated statesman of yesterday probably as well as it is possible to know him. But then we marvel far more to find that we can be as companionable, through fulness of intimacy, with men who lived two centuries ago, and who were chiefly remarkable in their day and generation for the very little that was known concerning them.

We should be very glad to occupy a page or two with specimens of Dr. Vehse's work, but we are afraid of giving a wrong impression of the general character of the book. Extracted passages are generally supposed by readers of a review to be the choice morsels, and if these do not happen to be pungently good, according to the individual taste, the *à fortiori* movements of the judgment render it improbable that the book itself will ever be resorted to at all; and we are anxious that this charming history should become a favourite with the lovers of literature; for they will be possessed in it of an argument against the flimsy charge of dryness which the young urge as an excuse for indolence, or for preferring romance to history. Dry enough, beyond all doubt, is the task which Dr. Vehse himself has accomplished, but how far from anything like task-work at all is the study to which his volumes invite! He has brought to light treasures which are mouldy and dusty enough to excite disgust rather than eagerness; but before presenting them to the world he has cleansed and burnished them; and having set them in a casket of beautiful workmanship, he has deposited them in that splendid museum where great events are set in order and placed in becoming lights; where great men are sure of a pedestal on which fragment after fragment of characteristics will be piled with reverent care, until the image of a glory which men bewailed as departed, shall be recovered and unveiled. Such a museum is correct history.

We shall conclude with some remarks founded upon the entire range of the volumes which have suggested this article.

When Napoleon was setting out for the Russian campaign, he held a levee of kings at Dresden, similar to that which, four years previously, he had assembled at Erfurt. On this occasion, the haughty magnificence of the French Emperor and his consort, Marie Louise, could not be otherwise than offensive to all who were present, but particularly to the Austrian Emperor and Empress. The Titanic Frenchman condescended to offer an apologetic piece of courtesy to his humbled relative in these words, "Je suis le Rodolphe de Hapsbourg de ma famille!"

The reference at such a moment was sufficiently adroit; and to us who have witnessed a second culmination of the star of Napoleon, the expression is highly suggestive of the probable course of destiny reserved for the brave adventurer's race. Our purpose with this anecdote at present is simply to fix in the reader's memory an idea of the comparatively humble beginnings of a power which now overshadows the fairest provinces of Europe. The founder of the Hapsburg family as one of the great houses was this same Rodolph; and not all the combined ingenuity and authority of his proud descendants have availed to carry the cradle of their race further back than that of many of their subject nobility. It was, however, under Maximilian that the ducal family became members of the great estate of sovereigns; and, in the annals of Maximilian's remarkable reign, we trace every one of the permanent characteristics of Austrian history. The epithet *Felix* was first introduced in association with the qualifying *nube*, for it was in the union of Maximilian with the heiress of Burgundy, and in the immediate consequences of one or two other marriages, that Austria set out in good earnest on her splendid career. But even in the germinal stage of this mighty political system we perceive the lurking bane which for a time, indeed, stimulated its growth unnaturally, but which has certainly induced rottenness at the pith. Selfishness, as distinguished from a catholic ambition, or even from genuine patriotism, has been uniformly the animating motive and the standard rule of the Imperial family; and, as might be expected, selfishness in its most unheroic and even despicable forms has almost constantly supplied the place of loyalty in the subject people. In the earlier pages of this history we see that the imperial sceptre of Germany was aimed at, and wielded when won, only for the aggrandizement of Austria. With the exception of Charles V., not one of the line ever seems to have regarded the mighty empire as anything beyond a currency with which to traffic for the enhancement of Hapsburg interests; and with, perhaps, one exception (and that has but a slender claim to be regarded as exceptional), the great crises of Austrian affairs have always elicited the most disgusting selfishness in the conduct of all classes of the community. We have a startling illustration, but by no means unfairly quoted as a specimen, in the behaviour of the Viennese, when Napoleon, having desolated the provinces, at length thundered at the gates of the capital. With shameful indifference the gilded crowds of the aristocracy were willing to barter their throne and country as the price of their retaining the luxuries and amenities of their capital.

This feature in the general character of Austria is still the

most noticeable, the most difficult to disguise, and, we should fear, the most likely to endure, until the destruction it foreshadows is complete. Many inconveniences of the most serious nature have arisen to other nations from this traditional immorality of so great a power; all these inconveniences may be summarily described under one head—the interference of Austria has never in any instance been otherwise than specious, and never in any case permanently beneficial. What politicians call the balance of power, and of which Lorenzo de Medici was the illustrious and wise inventor, is a state of things in which Austria has nearly always displayed her influence with a sort of sublime affectation, as of a patriarch among nations; but she has never heartily surrendered any special ambition that she might enjoy, decently and quietly, in common with cotemporary powers, the possessions actually entering into her organization as an empire. She is still upon 'change like some hoary broker addicted to the pursuits which have made him rich, and her object is not merely by friendly exchange to secure a manageable and safe investment, but by dint of cool, unwearied watching, when the world is turned upside down, to draw closer the bonds by which she holds her loosely jointed empire, and to round off within a hedge of bayonets a mighty and unique state through every part of which a word dropped in the centre from a despot's lips shall vibrate like the voice of Doom.

ART. V.—*Handbook of Zoology*. By J. Van Hoesen, M.D., Professor of Zoology in the University of Leyden, &c. Translated from the Dutch by the Rev. William Clark, M.D., F.R.S. Vol. I., Invertebrated Animals. 8vo. Pp. 831. London: Longmans and Co.

THE valuable scientific researches and comprehensive philosophical views of Professor Van Hoesen, have established his reputation in this as well as in his native country, and the publication of his "*Handbook of Zoology*," will still further advantageously extend his influence upon the progress of natural science in England. The want of a manual for students in the University of Leyden, induced the author to undertake the laborious task of compiling it; and Dr. Clark, requiring one for the use of students in the University of Cambridge, has translated it with the consent and assistance of the author. The first volume comprising the Invertebrata is before us, and

we have seen no manual of the science, in the English language, so copious, so accurate, or so admirably adapted for the purposes of private study or public instruction. In the review we propose to take of it, we can do little more than inform our readers of the plan which the author has adopted in the treatment of the subject, and point out, in the most general terms, the assistance it will give to the student when learning the elements of the science, and to the naturalist in his researches.

The object of this book is to present a systematic classification of the Animal Kingdom without entering into detailed descriptions of species. Having determined the classes under which the invertebrated animals may be grouped, and explained the anatomical, physiological, and external features upon which those classes are constructed, the author gives ample descriptions of the orders and families into which they may be subdivided. The book is, therefore, to the naturalist, what a lexicon is to the linguist, and must always be at hand for constant reference; but while it assists in the necessary task of classification, it gives as comprehensive a view of animal life collectively, as can be obtained from a system necessarily artificial in many of its parts.

The author has wisely, we think, commenced with an examination of the simplest forms of animal life—those in which the organization is least complex. In following him as our teacher, therefore, we are, as it were, moving from the circumference of the outer of a series of concentric circles towards the common centre, in which the most perfect of all terrestrial organized beings, man himself, stands, still exercising his ancient dominion over all living creatures, and giving to each its name. In the present state of our knowledge, this plan of instruction is recommended by the comparative ease with which the student is inducted into the principles of the science, without being discouraged by the apparent difficulty of tracing the action and mutual relations of complex structures, requiring for their investigation a practical skill which he does not possess, and a judicious use of analogical reasoning for which he is unprepared by practice and the habits of thought appropriate to such investigations. When a man resolves to be an explorer of mountainous countries, to brave the rigour of an unrelenting frost, to make roads through snow, and paths over fields of ice, to dare the avalanche, to cross fathomless fissures which the chamois cannot overleap, and in spite of all dangers and impediments, to stand upon the peaks of the earth and investigate frozen regions no eye has seen, no foot has trodden,—he does not at once commence the ascent of the Andes. By a course of training, he gives tone to his nerves, and elasticity to

his muscles; accustoms himself to endure the vicissitudes of weather, and the severities of winter; and thus brings all his physical powers into action, while he cultivates those habits of observation and scientific inquiry which are necessary to make the records of his intended daring exploits, something more than an exciting narrative of suffering and endurance, and deserving a higher approval than is given to the feats of a gladiator or wrestler. And so, if we are not mistaken, a course of initiation is necessary for the mind that is ambitious to investigate the conditions of animal life, and obtain a large and panoramic view of that great creation so lightly esteemed by the majority of mankind. When a man commences the study of natural science with the higher forms of life, he is like a young mechanic who, before he knows how to calculate the power of a lever or a screw, or how to use the file and the lathe, attempts to invent or construct a machine requiring all the skill of an accomplished engineer; or like a novice in mathematical knowledge, who begins the study of the differential calculus before he has read Euclid or solved an equation. By a partial investigation of the most simple forms of life, unnecessary difficulties are avoided, and positive advantages are gained. In following the development of animals from the lower to the higher conditions, the presence of new organs is first discovered in simple, and then in more compound forms, and the eye is trained to the art of observation, while the hand learns how to dissect. When a young medical student called upon Cuvier to announce the discovery of a new fact in the anatomy of the human body, the naturalist asked him whether he had ever dissected a butterfly. The youth had made no such experiment. "Do that first, and then re-examine your supposed discovery," was the professor's advice. The counsel was heeded, and the young man returned to confess the wisdom, and acknowledge the kindness, which had corrected his error, and directed his pursuits.

Other arguments might be used in recommending the plan of study adopted in the "Handbook of Zoology,"—that of "beginning with the simpler forms of animals and proceeding upwards to the highest." But the adoption of the natural order in the study of a science, is not always expedient or advantageous. In the infancy of geology, all writers, when describing the succession of rocks, commenced with the recent and descended to the ancient, just as a well-digger or a pit-sinker would note the beds through which he passed to obtain water or coal. But now that the succession is better, if not perfectly known, and the classification of the principal groups is decided, the object of the science, which is the discovery of the physical history of

the earth, is more constantly in view ; and, the natural classification being adopted, rocks are registered in the order of their formation. And so Zoology, having risen to the rank of an exact science by anatomical and physiological investigations, may now be best taught by exhibiting, first the elementary, and then the compound forms ; and though time is not an element in the classification of living animals, the advent of the several classes, as exhibited by their remains in rocks, is a subject of interest to the palæontologist.

But while recommending the plan of study adopted by Van Høeven, we do not forget that it will place the student in a position to propose a question to which science cannot at present give a satisfactory answer. What, he will ask, is the distinction between an animal and a plant ? The higher forms of organization are easily distinguished, but on the boundary of the two kingdoms, we meet with individuals so strongly marked with the features of both, that they cannot with certainty be assigned to either. Naturalists have not been able to decide whether the genera *Navicula* and *Bacillaria* are plants or Infusoria, and they are still disputing as to the nature of the sponge. Nor are we surprised that such difficulties should arise, for in nature there are neither the broad lines of distinction which some authors expect to find, nor the insensible transitions which others have imagined.

“ At first sight,” says Van Høeven, “ it seems easy to distinguish an animal from a plant, and even the most unskilled person thinks he has a clear notion of the difference. Yet, it is just his want of knowledge that causes the difference to appear so prominent : whilst he overlooks the immediate link and thinks, for instance, of a dog and a pear tree. There are two sorts of judgment with conviction. Such a judgment may arise either from want of knowledge, or from profound insight, the result of long and patient investigation. Whoever seeks truth must learn to sacrifice the first, even though he may never attain to the second.”

Any attempt, however feeble and imperfect, to compare the conditions of animal and vegetable life, will prove, that whenever a strong dissimilarity is perceived between the circumstances of an animal and a plant, the mind is occupied with the idea of highly organized species ; and the distinctions existing between them, however clearly perceived, give little assistance in solving a difficulty when the uncertainty arises from the simplicity of structure in minute objects. It may, for example, be inferred that, as plants are usually fixed to the soil, and animals possess the power of locomotion, the discovery of one condition or the other, would, in all cases, be a sufficient distinction ; but when the field of observation is extended, plants

are found floating in water with no root in the ground, and there are sedentary animals to whom a freedom of motion has been denied. Again, plants feed on inorganic matter—the elements, and their compounds; animals derive their support from those substances which are of organic origin, and a large portion of their nutritious food is the produce of vegetable life. But as some plants also live upon vegetable matter, and appropriate as food the substances prepared by other organized bodies, this difference in the habit of life is not without an exception, and cannot be safely employed when required as a test. Another characteristic of animals is, that they receive their food through one or more apertures into a stomach or intestinal canal, to which fact we may add, that their organs are located in appropriate and distinct cavities. Plants absorb their nutriment, without effort, through vessels spread over their surface, and live upon the components of the soil in which they are fixed, and of the atmosphere by which they are surrounded, having neither the necessity nor the power of motion, nor a craving stomach to supply. But in the lower forms of animal life, some individuals are constructed without the organs once considered necessary for animal existence, and have neither stomach nor intestinal canal, but derive their nutriment by absorption through the surface of their bodies. It would, therefore, appear that those characteristics which constitute differences between the highly organized individuals of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, fail to give the assistance required when the object is to decide whether a feebly organized body is an animal or a plant. We might mention other peculiarities in the two conditions of life, but that which is of all others most permanently the result of animal organization, is the possession of a power of motion by volition, independent of the change of place; but the existence of this characteristic is sometimes simulated by vegetable matter, and we are then left in uncertainty after the most searching investigation, though a decisive result is anxiously sought.

We must then admit, without hesitation, the occasional difficulty of distinguishing between an animal and a plant when the organization is rudimentary; but we have no sympathy with those authors who would dissuade us from all further inquiries by the dogmatical assertion that animals are developed from plants. When investigating the lower forms of animal life, and especially those which appear so rapidly in infusions, the questions are ever returning—Where is the germ of their vitality? and what is the type of their forms? These and such like inquiries must be answered conjecturally, and as the replies are usually unsupported by experiment or observation, no hypothesis can be positively demonstrated or refuted, but analogy

must be trusted as the best and not altogether incompetent guide to scientific truth. Such subjects as these, however, are always selected by atheists, and the believers in accidental production, to obtain from science, by surprise, if possible, an argument in favour of dogmas she has frequently and indignantly rejected. The desolate and desolating doctrine of chance in reference to creation is also fully adopted by the few men who, fearing to look steadfastly at the ultimate results of their opinions upon society and themselves, or unwilling to confess sentiments reprobated by so many of the virtuous and wise, teach the progressive development of living forms as a principle of nature: the growth of animals out of vegetables, and of complex organizations from those which are simple. To support this hypothesis, condemned by all known facts and analogies, they seize upon an unexplained phenomenon suited to their purpose, and assuming an explanation, treat their hypothesis as though it were a demonstration. When the spores of *Confervæ* were observed to move by cilia, like *Infusoria*, the disciples of the doctrine of equivocal generation rashly affirmed that the absolute transformation of vegetable matter into animal life had been observed, neglecting the more evident and probable conclusion of candid minds,—that the presence of cilia may not be an invariable proof of animal life. The *Infusoria*, it is true, are not produced from eggs; but the ordinary modes of their increase are known, and we perceive no one fact in the history of their development opposed to the conclusion affirmed or supported by every other zoological and ethnological investigation,—that specific forms had their origin in a single pair. But these minute animals, so simple in their organization and modes of life, make their appearance, it is said, without a parent, and no one knows how, in vegetable infusions, even after the liquids have been boiled. The development hypothesis, however, solves the difficulty at once,—vegetable matter is the antecedent, and an animal the consequent. The assertion is made without proof; but it is specious, though unphilosophical. In spite of the difficulty of giving a probable reason for the transmission of specific character, and of explaining by what natural force and in what manner animal vitality is infused into transformed vegetable matter, it seems better to some minds to have an inexplicable hypothesis than to confess ignorance. The philosopher, however, admitting that there are phenomena which science cannot yet explain, rejects every assumption, and patiently continues his investigations. But the causes of the sudden appearance of animalcules in vegetable infusions is not always a mystery, for they are frequently transported by the atmosphere. Ehrenberg found

them in the trade winds, and they may be detected on a moistened plate of glass after it has been waved in the close atmosphere of a dwelling-room. All that we know of the distribution of microscopic animals is favourable to the supposition that they are usually conveyed by the atmosphere to the places where we are ignorantly surprised to find them, after many devices have been employed for their exclusion. They are also known to live in temperatures fatal to higher organizations; but to this power of supporting intense heat there is a limit, and an infusion may be boiled till every germ of life it contains is destroyed. When this has been done Infusoria will still appear after the liquid has been exposed to the atmosphere; but if no air be admitted without passing through sulphuric acid, caustic, potass, or a red-hot tube, no further evidence of animal life will be perceived.

A knowledge of the tenacity with which some of the invertebrated animals support life in a state of torpor and insensibility will frequently assist the student in understanding phenomena apparently resulting from the so-called equivocal generation. In some of the Entozoa (internal worms), the suspension of all the evidences of vitality is remarkable. Miram relates that he saw specimens of *ascaris acus*, removed from the body of a pike (*esox lucius*), revived by moisture after they had been long sticking to a board, hardened and apparently dead; and that one part of the animal was stiff when the other part was in motion. Rudolphi saw *ascaris speculigera*, removed hard and inflexible from the gullet of a cormorant which had been eleven days in spirits of wine, restored to activity by immersion in water. It is also well-known that the worm (*anguillula*) found in blighted corn will regain its activities after it has been for months and even years apparently lifeless. Leeuwenhoeck observed the same phenomenon in certain species of Rotifera, and the fact has been confirmed by numerous subsequent observers. In the opinion of those writers who regard the faculty of life as the effect of polar forces, death occurs in all these instances: but a creed is answerable for this unscientific conclusion. Humboldt speaks of the condition of an animal when in this state, as one of suspended animation, and our author says:—

“In this dessicated state life is potentially present, but does not announce itself by actual phenomena. If we choose to name this life latent, we must not call death itself a latent life. Certainly these animals are not dead, but their life is brought to a stand by the want of one of the most common and most necessary of vital stimuli—by the want of water.”

If we have not misinterpreted the opinions of the writers to whom we have alluded, they believe the lowest forms of

animal life to be developments of vegetable matter, and the higher to be improvements upon organization not quite so complex, and teach the possibility of the revivification of a dead animal by physical forces, just as a watch may be supplied with a new spring, or a lost fragment of the body may be reproduced by some of the radiates. These hypotheses, dressed in the phraseology of science, are but repetitions of the mistake of Izaak Walton, who believed "the mighty luce or pike, the tyrant of the fresh-waters," to be generated by pickerell weed, "with the help of the sun's heat, in some particular months, and some ponds apted for it by nature." The time will come when these errors will be denounced by all men of science, as they are now by the majority, as rash and equally foolish conclusions,—hasty generalization from imperfect knowledge, which is the common source of the conceits of philosophers and the mistakes of the public. We will close these remarks by quoting the judgment of Van Høeven, who, disregarding the imputations of contending pleaders, and rejecting assertions foreign to the subject, states the argument without prejudice, though not hiding the bias of his mind, and leaves his readers to decide the negative or affirmative:—

"The constancy of form in the species, which had been overlooked by earlier observers in their experiments, or not understood, is irreconcilable with the view that these animal forms are produced by external forces as a mere sport of chance; but it is not by any means necessary to connect such a conception as this with the term equivocal generation. As long as it is not pretended by this term to afford an explanation, but only to indicate that there are some species that arise, not from eggs, but *in a way that we are not able to explain*, from the decomposition of organic matter, so long do we believe that the expression cannot at present be dispensed with in physiology. The formation of Infusories is no primary production of organic matter. Their immediate origin from the organic matter of Infusions has never, as we believe, been observed at the very instant of its occurrence, and probably never will be. Even in the development from the egg, we never see the forming, but only the thing formed. In the case of the intestinal worms the same obscurity recurs, and the difficulty of applying the proposition, that all living creatures come from eggs, is but too obvious from the very constrained and improbable explanations which have been resorted to. The reason why organizable matter assumes those determinable forms that are distinguished as genera and species, is altogether unknown; and physiology is in the same degree unable to explain how it is that in the completely organized creature, developed from cells, in one part muscular fibre should arise, in another nerves, and cartilage in another."

In the "Hand-book of Zoology" we meet with frequent

allusions to subjects connected with the philosophy of the science, and the author always treats them in a candid spirit, with a perfect knowledge of facts, and a clear perception of their relations. The work is not merely a scientific system, though the classification occupies the larger number of pages; but to the technical description of each class and the arrangement of its families, is prefixed a brief historical notice, and a lucid illustration of the anatomical and physiological characteristics of the animals it embraces. In these brief introductions facts are stated, and differences of opinion are candidly examined, and while recent investigations are explained, the subjects most needing research are pointed out.

In reference to the classification adopted by Van Hoesen we have a few remarks to make; and if we pass over the subject in haste, it is from want of pages, and not from a disregard to the importance and interest of the subject.

If the reader were required to propose an arrangement sufficiently comprehensive to receive all known animals, he would think long before he selected two characteristics so unobjectionable as the *εἰσάμα*, blooded, and *ἀναιμα*, bloodless, of Aristotle. Linnæus fully appreciated the value of this generalization when he constructed that system which laid the foundation of modern science. The animals Aristotle called bloodless, he called white-blooded, and formed upon the structure and action of the heart the six classes in which he comprised all living creatures. This generalization was worthy of the man, and it is no reproach to his comprehensive mind, or his marvellous powers of analysis and observation, that his system has been in part abandoned in consequence of the discovery that a heart is not a necessary organ in the economy of insects and worms. The four Linnæan classes of vertebrated animals were unaffected by this discovery, for "they are so truly characterized, and so firmly founded in nature," that we cannot but wonder why they were not perceived before. But it was evidently necessary to rearrange the classes, Insecta and Vermes. Cuvier, knowing that they had no internal skeleton analogous to that of more highly organized animals, called them Invertebrata. The division is accurate, and the term convenient and sufficiently expressive; but a negative character cannot be used as a scientific description. Every change in the terms of the division proposed by Aristotle has, in fact, been made in error; and we are compelled to acknowledge that, if the Animal Kingdom be divided into two orders, the division must be into red and white blooded animals.

In place of the two divisions, Vertebrates and Invertebrates, Cuvier adopted four in his later works, and that innovation upon old systems was an important step towards a natural classifica-

tion. This substitution of four orders in place of two, was effected by dividing the Invertebrata into Molluses, Articulates, and Radiates. But Lamarek divided the Invertebrata into twelve classes, and it is of these with some alterations and one addition, that Van Hoesen treats in the present volume.

If we venture further with our author, we must follow him through the details of his classification,—show why he separates, in opposition to the opinion of Ehrenberg, the Rotifera from the Infusoria, and why the Bryozoa are removed from the Molluses into the family of Arvellinga,—draw attention to the admirable investigation and arrangement of the Bryozoa,—explain the artificial and defective formation of the class Entozoa,—and, in fact, write an essay upon the present state of natural science as exhibited in the classification. In doing this we should occasionally, but not frequently, differ in opinion from the author upon matters of detail and arrangement, and, perhaps, object to some of the conclusions he draws from the observations of other naturalists. We are, however, too sensible of the valuable addition he has made to our library to cavil over small differences of opinion, or to acknowledge grudgingly the value of the “Hand-book of Zoology.”

ART. VI.—*A Vacation in Brittany.* By Charles Richard Weld. With Illustrations. London: Chapman and Hall, Piccadilly. 1856.

FEW parts of France have been less visited by the restless natives of our island, yet few present greater attractions than the extensive district of Brittany. Much of its surface is still covered by forests, marshes, and heaths, and traversed by rough and almost impracticable roads; yet this very inequality of surface, and difficulty of access, have enabled it still to preserve its original Celtic population, whose quaint dresses, wild legends, and popular superstitions, seem to belong rather to the gorgeous and romantic past, than to the tame and matter-of-fact present. Everything is redolent of the sixteenth, rather than of the nineteenth century; and there is a mysterious mediæval atmosphere still surrounding its war-worn castles, noble churches, and grey, time-honoured towns, which it is quite refreshing to meet with in this prosaic and practical age. It will thus be obvious that the tourist, in Brittany, enjoys the great advantage of entering upon a country comparatively unhacknied and unknown. Nature is beautiful and various; and modern civilization and refinement have not yet destroyed all her wild charms. Life,

manners, and costume are still primitive and peculiar in this remote province; and in Lower Brittany, Celtic is, even now, the language almost universally spoken. The name of Britannia was bestowed by Sulpitius Severus, on account of a migration of the Britons, who left their island about the beginning of the fourth century, and settled in this part of France. Before that epoch Brittany was known by the Celtic name of Armorica—the words “Ar-Mor,”* in that language signifying, “on the sea;” and no designation, certainly, could be more appropriate or characteristic; for the whole country, besides being nearly surrounded by the sea, is indented by numerous deep bays, and long winding creeks.

Brittany for centuries was a separate and independent duchy, and was not united to the crown of France until the reign of Louis XII.; and, even after that period, it continued to retain its own feudal states, which assembled every two years down to the time of the great French Revolution, which finally swept them away. Like Normandy, Brittany abounds in quaint weather-stained buildings, and in glorious churches, which present great attractions to the antiquarian and the artist. Its Druidical remains, too, are unrivalled in number and magnitude, while its rivers, lakes, and forests, afford to the sportsman a tempting variety of fish and game. Lodging and living also are remarkably cheap, more so, perhaps, than in any other part of France; and, although at some of the inns in the more unfrequented localities, the traveller may find the fare rude and the accommodation scanty; yet, in others, the provisions are excellent, and, everywhere, beds clothed with linen of spotless purity, will invite him to repose. While travelling in Brittany, however, it is not advisable to rely much upon the conveyances. Diligences have there degenerated into miserable abortions called “pataches,” and the tourist who trusts to them will frequently find himself on the road when he expects to be in bed. They, and all other public conveyances, are inconvenient and uncomfortable, and in order to make a pleasant and profitable tour, it is absolutely necessary to walk, ride on horseback, or travel in a private carriage. Private conveyances, however, may be hired at a moderate rate, and at Dinan, Mr. Weld hired a cabriolet, for which he paid only ten francs a day, the driver maintaining himself and horse, and engaging to start and stop at whatever hours Mr. Weld pleased, and to diverge from the highways whenever he chose. It is advisable to enter into an express agreement of this kind, as Breton

* It is worth observing that the words “Po-Mor” in Slavonic have exactly the same meaning. Hence Pomerania, on the Baltic.

voituriers, like those of Italy and Germany, are fond of trying to have their own way, which will often prove to be exactly the reverse of that desired by the tourist.

The Breton peasantry are, upon the whole, a fine manly race, although still very ignorant and superstitious: those upon the sea-coast make the best sailors in France. They are numerous and poor; much of the surface of the country being broken up into small farms, seldom exceeding twelve acres, and still cultivated according to the old and clumsy processes to which the Bretons obstinately adhere, although the introduction of an improved mode of agriculture would speedily change their wild and barren moorlands into waving corn-fields. The Bretons are commonly said to have five virtues and three vices; the virtues being—love of their country, resignation under the will of God, loyalty, perseverance, and hospitality; and the vices—avarice, contempt of women, and drunkenness. They are passionately fond of listening to legends and ballads, of which a striking illustration was afforded when their country was ravaged by cholera. In vain did the authorities print and circulate thousands of placards throughout the towns and villages, advising the inhabitants how to act. They were treated as waste-paper; and the disease was spreading fast, when a bookseller, who knew the power of ballads on the people, happily hit on the expedient of turning the medical men's advice, as set forth in their grave placards, into jingling rhymes, which were speedily circulated through Brittany; and with such good effect, that the cholera, to use their own words, was "*chansonné hors de la Bretagne*."

Mr. Weld's travels commenced at the town of Granville, where he was landed by the Jersey steamer, and underwent a rigorous examination at the custom-house, owing to the fierce paper-war which Victor Hugo and the other French refugees congregated in the Channel Islands were then carrying on against the French Emperor. At Avranches, he visited the site of the magnificent cathedral, destroyed by the fury of a revolutionary mob, where Henry II. of England, after the murder of Thomas à Becket, received apostolical absolution from the Papal legates. From Avranches, Mr. Weld proceeded to the celebrated Mont St. Michael, whose conical granite rock, surrounded by ancient buildings and massive fortifications, towers upwards from an almost boundless waste of sand. This rock was once the favourite abode of Druidical priestesses who wore crowns of vervain, and carried golden quivers filled with magic arrows, which, when discharged by youths who had never known the passion of love, were reputed to have the power of allaying storms. Mariners, and those about engaging on mari-

time expeditions, were particularly desirous to be furnished with these arrows, and when the expedition proved successful, the youth who had accompanied the ship, was sent to the priestesses with presents; if these were acceptable, he was welcomed, and rewarded by the love of the fairest priestess, who marked her approbation and passion by attaching to his garments as many golden shells as she had given him proofs of her love. After the extinction of Druidism, the Romans raised an altar on the rock to Jupiter, who was worshipped there until the middle of the third century; and, three centuries later, the archangel Michael, who had obtained dominion over all high places, appeared there before St. Aubert, bishop of Avranches, and ordered him to build a church to the living God upon the summit of the rock. The bishop, unwilling to obey the command, was made sensibly aware of the holy power of the angel, by the latter placing his finger on the prelate's forehead, which, says the legend, left a hole in the bishop's skull. Thus warned, he set to work in good earnest, and a church was speedily erected; relics were discovered, and the donations of the faithful flowed rapidly in. Monarchs and princes granted rich endowments to the church and adjacent monastery; and the shrine of St. Michael soon became one of the richest in Christendom. To guard these accumulated treasures, strong fortifications were constructed, and the monks of St. Michael became possessed of great power and influence, so much so, that they were able to contribute six ships of war to the armament of William the Conqueror. Mont St. Michael was often besieged, and as often bade defiance to the power of its assailants, thanks to the valour of its warrior-monks, the "Knights of St. Michael," as they were called. Now, its glories have faded; and the noble halls which often echoed to the footfall of kings and princes, are at present filled with prisoners and weaving-looms; and the once-gorgeous church, in which the image of the archangel Michael may still be seen, is used as a dining-room for criminals.

The sea-port of St. Malo is distinguished as the birth-place of Chateaubriand, who was born in what is now the "Hôtel de France;" where enthusiastic tourists are charged fifteen francs for a night's lodging in the room where the great author first saw the light. The illustrious poet always retained a strong love for his native place; and, when sixty years old, addressed a letter to the authorities of the town requesting that a small corner of earth might be granted him for his grave at the extremity of the Grand Bay. His request was at once complied with, and his fellow-townsmen charged themselves with the care of providing him with a tomb. It stands on the verge of the precipitous cliff bounding the Grand Bay, against which

the sea continually breaks, making such music in the recesses of the rocks as a poet loves to hear.

Within a couple of miles of St. Malo's, stands the fashionable watering-place of Servan, where Mr. Weld met with a curious specimen of Gallic-English, in the shape of a gigantic placard affixed to an hotel, announcing, among its various attractions, that it has "the benefit and comfort of being close to beautiful *graves*!" the said graves being the translator's easy, though not very faithful, rendering of the French *grèves*, which means "sands." The town of Dinan, built on a considerable eminence, surrounded on three sides by a defile nearly 300 feet deep, watered by the Rance, girdled by ancient walls and towers, and bright with gardens full of lovely flowers, is one of the most delightful places in Brittany. It has also the advantage of being exceedingly cheap; in proof of which Mr. Weld tells us, that he was most comfortably lodged and boarded for five francs a day. The fortifications of Dinan are of immense strength; and among the many noble warriors who figure in its history, the chivalrous Bertrand Duguesclin holds the most conspicuous place. It was in the *Plâce Duguesclin* that the lists were prepared, in which he overcame, in a terrible combat *à outrance*, Thomas de Cantorbéry, an English knight, who, contrary to all the rules of war, had seized Duguesclin's brother during a truce, and retained him as a prisoner. A truce was declared while the duel was fought; the Duke of Lancaster and the Governor of Dinan were both present, and Chandos, in the true spirit of knightly courtesy, lent Duguesclin an English charger and a suit of English armour.

There is a singular custom prevalent in Brittany with regard to the treatment of the dead, which is thus described by Mr. Weld:—

"On my way to Paimpol, I turned aside to see the church of Kaerfert, being attracted by the quaintness of the architecture and a beautiful Calvary in the adjoining burying-ground. After examining the cross, which is singularly perfect, I entered the church porch, where I saw a curious exhibition. About ten feet from the ground were ranged some two or three hundred little black boxes, shaped like a dog's kennel, with sloping roofs, two feet long, one broad, and one deep, having a heart-shaped opening at one end, which was generally surmounted by a cross. Within, and close to the aperture of each box, appeared a skull, scowling strangely with orbless sockets on the spectator. Above the opening were the words in white letters, '*Ci gît le chef de —*,' followed by the name of the person to whom the head belonged, and the date of decease; concluding with '*Priez-Dieu pour son âme.*' The curious custom exists in some parts of Brittany of disinterring the bones of the dead when they are supposed to be divested of flesh, and placing the skulls in

these black boxes. Where this is observed, the larger bones are generally piled in an ossuary. This edifice, which is called 'La chapelle des morts,' stands near the church, and is constructed to accommodate tiers of bones."

In one district of Brittany, the memory of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table is interwoven with all the popular beliefs and legends, and celebrated in many an ancient ballad. Every spot around the small sea-port of Perros-Guirec is associated with romance. The coast is savage, iron-bound, and bristling with jagged rocks; and yet here it was, according to the old bards, that King Arthur held his brilliant court, at which his wife the "white as silver" Guenaréhan, and the lovely Brangwaim, dazzled all beholders. According to Breton authorities, the remains of the chivalrous monarch repose in the small island of Agalon, opposite Kerduel, from which, after fulfilling the prescribed term of his residence in fairy-land, he will return to reign over his beloved people. In the middle ages, the Bretons, in all their solemnities, were accustomed to chant the refrain "Non! le roi Arthur n'est pas mort!" and, even now, they cling with singular tenacity to their ancient superstitions; one of which was, that, before every battle, Arthur's army appeared at dawn, riding over the dark mountain-tops, warning the people to arm; and to this day, the Breton *sôneur*, or ballad-singer, is never more warmly applauded than when he sings the thrilling song *Balle-Arzur*, or Arthur's March.

The small town of St. Pol de Leon boasts of one of the largest cathedrals in Brittany; where also Mr. Weld observed the skulls of many of the old bishops, in their strange-looking skull coffins, ranged on the ledges and cornices of the altars in the small chapels around the church. But besides the cathedral, this town possesses an exquisite specimen of florid Gothic architecture in the beautiful church of Creisker,* built by the great Duke of Brittany Jean IV.; and, according to local tradition, the architect, whose name has perished, was an Englishman. The body of the building is rich in Gothic ornament; but it is on the spire that the architect has lavished all the wealth of his genius, and displayed all the resources of his art.

"It rises," says our author, "to the dizzy height of 393 feet, springing from four pillars at the intersection of the transepts, nave, and choir, and is composed entirely of granite. No beam, iron brace, or girder is used; and it is open from the top to within 80 feet of the bottom. Standing within it at this altitude, you look up the tapering interior, the whole of which is rendered perfectly visible by openings in the sides. Truly, Vauban used no hyperbole, when he

* Creisker is the Breton term for middle or centre.

called it a unique architectural *tour de force*, for it is without a rival in boldness, and at the same time lightness of construction. The granite of which it is built is cut into slabs, disposed like tiles, diminishing in size as they approach the top. You must ascend to the gallery running round the summit of the tower from whence the spire springs, to be fully impressed by this wonder of architecture. Exquisite, small, and slender *tourelles* rise from the four corners, each a Gothic gem of cunning workmanship. It is satisfactory to know that this beautiful church has been included among the *Monumens Historiques* of France, and will henceforth be kept in repair by the Government."

Brest, one of the first-class naval fortresses of France, is the largest city in Brittany. Its importance originated with the great Cardinal Richelieu, who, with the quick eye of genius, perceived its extraordinary capabilities as a harbour and arsenal. The castle, fortified by Vauban, is of immense strength, its souterrains are of enormous and unknown extent, and numerous passages are now blocked up, leading to dungeons and oubliettes below those at present accessible. The dockyard and arsenal are not shown without a special order from the Minister of Marine in Paris; but they may be seen by any one who chooses to undergo the fatigue of ascending the church tower, from the summit of which the town, dockyard, arsenal, roadstead, and magnificent harbour, seem spread out like a map below the spectator. The dockyard is very small compared with that of Woolwich or Portsmouth, and but little activity is observable within its walls. The glory of Brest, however, is its roadstead, within which 500 ships of the line can ride in perfect safety during the fiercest gale. Beyond the roadstead, extends the harbour, like a vast inland sea, the entrance to which is through a narrow strait called the *Goulet*, divided by a chain of rocks, which obliges all ships entering the harbour to pass immediately under a range of batteries at the mouth. The sailors' barracks, a feature peculiar to France, are a magnificent pile of buildings erected upon a hill, and capable of containing 20,000 men. At the time of Mr. Weld's visit, they were tenanted by about 5,000 remarkably smart fellows, mostly natives; for Bretons have always formed a large proportion of the French navy.

The following is an animated description of the celebrated *Bagnes*, or prison of Brest, to which the worst class of criminals is consigned:—

"Though I was prepared for a painful exhibition, the reality was blacker than the anticipated picture. Having complied with the requisite formalities, I was conducted by a *garde* through extensive passages into a hall about 300 feet long and 50 broad, furnished with a great number of sloping wooden platforms, about 4 feet apart, and

so disposed as to allow free passage round the room. These form the beds of the convicts, who at night, and when not at work in the dockyard, are secured to them. Those under the heaviest sentences are also chained in pairs. They are attired in a loose red serge coat and yellow trowsers. When I entered the hall, they had just been chained to the platforms, and those I saw, with few exceptions, possessed physiognomies of the most forbidding nature. To intimidate and suppress revolt, cannon loaded with grape, are placed at the ends of the room, and so adjusted as to sweep the entire apartment. Talking is strictly forbidden; and, during the periods of labour, which are extremely long, the prisoners are overlooked by hard task-masters, who compel them to work without any relaxation. At the time of my visit, the Bagnes contained about 4,000 prisoners, but there is chain accommodation for double that number."

During the summer months, a steamer sails every day along the whole length of the harbour from Brest to Port Launay, a distance of forty-six miles. In some places the scenery is exceedingly beautiful; and, beyond Daoulas Bay, much resembles that of Loch Lomond and the Trosachs, the steamer winding through long reaches of water, reflecting steep hills of varied and picturesque forms. At some distance from Brest, in the midst of a dreary moorland, with no object around to detract from its vastness, stands the Menhir* of Kerloaz, the largest upright Druidical monument in Brittany, consisting of a single block of granite 37 feet 9 inches high, with a quadrangular base, having a curious round protuberance on two of its sides, about three feet from the ground. Near Loc-Maria-Ker, or the Place of the Virgin Mary, lie the remains of another Menhir, once the largest in the world; but it has now been overthrown and broken. When entire, it measured 61 feet 4 inches long, and 33 feet 4 inches in circumference at the base. It has been broken into four fragments, which, with one exception, fit so accurately, and are in such close juxtaposition, as to leave no doubt of their having been originally one stone.

"The setting-up of such a pillar," says Mr. Weld, "computed to weigh 260 tons, is even more perplexing and astonishing than the manner in which it has been destroyed; and, in the absence of machinery, we must presume that it could only have been erected by a vast amount of human force. The obelisk at Rome—which, though fifteen feet longer than that at Loc-Maria-Ker, weighs only 150 tons—required, according to Fontana, with all the advantages of mechanical science, nearly 900 men and 70 horses to raise it, and the cost of the operation amounted to 120,000 francs."

At the village of Kerdevot, about ten miles from the town of

* The term Menhir is derived from two Breton words *Maen*, "stone," and *hir*, "long," and means simply a stone set in the ground with its longest axis vertical.

Quimper, Mr. Weld witnessed the strange, and interesting spectacle of a Breton "pardon;" and we cannot do better than present our readers with his lively sketch of this singular ceremony:—

"Every church in Lower Brittany is supposed to be under the protection of a patron saint, who, unlike the dormant saints of churches generally, continues to work miracles in favour of the faithful, and has the power of procuring pardon for sinners. The popularity of the pardons varies entirely according to the reputed sanctity of the saint, and the power with which he is supposed to be endowed. Some saints are famed for their protection of men, others of women, others of children; while some, as St. Cornely, is believed to take cattle under his especial care, and his pardon is consequently attended by hundreds of beasts, driven by their owners to his church, in order that the animals may be touched by the saint's relics. Nor are inanimate objects without their patron saint. St. Fiacol, for example, is protector of plants; the legend of his life declaring that he cultivated botany and the heavenly virtues with equal fervour. On one day at least in each year, the saints' relics are displayed with great solemnity; and it is on these occasions that, after passing through a certain ordeal of church discipline, penitents are shrived or, in other words, obtain pardon and remission for their sins. If the saint enjoys a reputation for great sanctity, his pardon is resorted to by thousands of devotees who crowd his church; and the priests, who are not antagonistic to these proceedings, find, at the close of the pardon, that the saint's *coffre*, or money-box, is heavy with the offerings of the multitude. Great pardons generally last three days. The night before they commence, the church bells are tolled; the interior is decorated with flowers; and the effigies of the saints are clothed in the Breton local costumes. Then commence the observances; but pardons are not confined to these alone."

The peasantry repair to these pardons dressed in their gayest attire, and, no sooner have the rites of the church been finished, than they are followed by scenes of the utmost license and the wildest dissipation; which are thus characterized by the pen of that eloquent Breton, Emile Souvestre: "*La sainte cérémonie finit le plus souvent par une orgie. A peine le cantique est-il achevé, que les rangs des pèlerins se rompent; des cris de joie, des appels, des rives éclatants succèdent au recueillement de la procession. La foule des pénitents se rassemble sur la place, où tous doivent coucher pêle-mêle sur la terre nue. Femmes et garçons se mêlent, se rencontrent, se prennent au bras, s'agaçent, se poursuivent à travers les rues obscurs; et le lendemain, quand le jour se levé, bien des jeunes filles égarées rejoignent leurs mères le front rouge et les yeux honteux, avec une péché de plus à avouer au recteur de la paroisse.*"*

* Les Derniers Brétons.

During the luxurious ages that preceded the downfall of the Roman empire in the West, the Roman ladies used to give large sums for the fair locks of the British damsels, whose golden tresses they loved to interweave among their own darker locks; and, in modern Brittany, an active traffic in hair is still kept up. At the "pardon" of Kerdevot, Mr. Weld saw a hair-merchant, armed with a large pair of scissors, busily engaged in cutting off the luxuriant *chevelures* which, anywhere but in Brittany, would have been deemed the pride and glory of the young girls. Yet they parted with them for three small handkerchiefs of gaudy patterns, and scarcely worth a dozen sous; and those whose tresses were not sufficiently long to suit the fastidious taste of the hair-merchant, seemed deeply mortified at their rejection.

One of the most interesting chapters in Mr. Weld's delightful volume, is that devoted to the description of the unrivalled Druidical remains that strew the plain of Carnac. This is a vast undulating moorland, warmed by the rich hues of the purple heather, swelling here and there into low hills, and bounded on the south by the ocean. It is almost nine miles distant from the town of Auray in Lower Brittany. There are no existing Druidical remains at all comparable in extent to those of Carnac; the lines of stones can still be traced for eight miles, and there is every reason to believe that they originally extended four miles farther in the direction of Loc-Maria-Ker; nor are they confined to the great plain of Carnac. The peninsula of Quiberon, which extends nine miles to the south-west, is covered with similar remains, and the islands in the sea of Morbihan, opposite Loc-Maria-Ker, also contain Celtic monuments. These monuments are of different descriptions, and may be divided into Menhirs (already explained), Galgals, Tumuli, Dolmens, and Cromlechs. A Galgal is a heap of stones for sepulchral or worshipping purposes; a Tumulus is a heap generally of earth or stones, raised over graves; a Dolmen consists of one or more large stones reposing on others set lengthwise in the ground, and is derived from the Breton *taul* or *daul*, a table, and *maen*, a stone. This kind of monument is also called *pierre levée* and *table du Diable* and is very common in the Morbihan. The Cromlech, or *chaudron du Diable*, consists of stones arranged in a circular or elliptical form, occasionally covered by cap-stones. The term is derived from the Breton *crom*, signifying bent or round, and *lech*, place, or stone.

It has been calculated that the original number of the stones of Carnac must have been 20,000; and, at present, there are still 12,000 remaining. They have been extensively used for building purposes; and 2,000 stones at least are said to have been

removed, between St. Barbe and Carnac alone, a distance of only five furlongs. It is, however, satisfactory to be able to add, that the attention of the French government has at length been drawn to this subject, and that a conservator of antiquities has been appointed for the department of Morbihan, so that this great monument will be secured against any further depredations. St. Michael's Mount, an artificial tumulus, supposed to have been raised in honour of Bel, and about a quarter of a mile distant from the village of Carnac, is the point of view embracing the greatest number of stones; and, from this eminence, the scene is singularly striking and impressive; long lines of huge stones hoary with the age of twenty centuries, and spotted with mosses and lichens, stretch away on every side in long avenues, some strait and continuous, others broken and winding; the nearer stones rising like towers, the more remote seeming like grey dots on the face of the vast heath.

Mr. Weld states at some length the various theories which have been framed with reference to the origin and uses of the stones of Carnac; and arrives at the conclusion that there is no reason for doubting that they formed a temple, or a series of temples, for heathen worship; and the existence of sacrificial altars among them seems to lend support to this view; for the Celts, as is well known, were in the habit of offering, through their priests, human victims to the gods. One of the monuments at Carnac is strikingly illustrative of this terrible custom; for it is not only hollowed out in such a manner as to receive the body and head of a human victim, but is also provided with channels, which branch off from the trench where the neck is supposed to have been confined to the exterior of the stone, and which are imagined to have been made to carry off the victim's blood. He afterwards notices another theory connected with Carnac; namely, that the stones belonged originally to one vast Dracontium or Serpent Temple, consecrated to the god Bel, who was symbolized by the hierogram of the circle and serpent. According to this view of the subject, all the important Druidical monuments in England are only smaller types of the mighty Dracontium of Carnac, the stony folds of which, extended at least eight miles, with a breadth so much greater than that of the English temples, that while these have only two parallel rows of stones, that of Carnac has eleven. Breton traditions also seem to favour the idea that Carnac was a great serpent-temple. The word *Hak* or *Ak*, in the old Celtic language means a serpent; and thus Carn-Hak would signify the Serpent's Hill or Mound; and a priest is still called by the Bretons *Belech*, which is considered identical with the scriptural Balak or Bel.

But an excursion to the plain of Carnac, although it gives a

very impressive idea of the magnitude of the Celtic remains in this part of Brittany, is not sufficient ; the traveller ought also to visit Loc-Maria-Ker, in order to realize fully the labours of that mysterious people who have left behind them such vast and enduring monuments in this barren and remote district of France. In order to do this, Mr. Weld hired a strong but clumsy boat at Auray, rejoicing in the name of "La belle Jeannette." She was navigated by six persons, consisting of two men, a boy, and three sturdy women ; and yet for his ship and crew he was charged only twelve francs, the voyage occupying a whole day. The sea of Morbihan, whither his course was bent, means in Breton, "the Little Sea," and bears a bad reputation from the roughness of its waters, and the intricacy of the navigation. It is, however, deservedly famous for its oysters, which were well known to the Romans, and of which Ausonius says,—

"Sunt et Armorici qui laudent ostrea ponti."

The waters of the Morbihan rush out through one narrow outlet, and within, the tides are also very strong, so that it is a work of no little difficulty to land upon the islands, which are said to be as numerous as the days of the year. Mr. Weld, however, was fortunate enough to be able to land upon Gavr' Innis, or Goat's Island, near the summit of which there is a famous cromlech, which he thus describes :—

"The entrance, facing the west, consists of a low narrow gallery ten feet long, requiring the visitor to crawl through it on hands and knees. Beyond this the cromlech expands to a little chamber running east and west. The bottom, sides, and top of this are composed, with one exception, of huge granite slabs, the exceptional case being a block of pure quartz, a substance not found on the isle. The largest superficial stone is twenty-three feet long and eighteen broad. Besides the singular locality of this mysterious monument, it is additionally curious from the circumstance that nearly all the stones forming the sides, have their interior surfaces covered with fantastic sculptures, which bear considerable resemblance to the designs in tattooing."

The Morbihan, as may be supposed from its wild character, abounds in legends, and the peasantry around are extremely superstitious. They have been happily termed by an eloquent writer, "baptized Celts," and still preserve the Druidical mythology under a thin veil of Christianity, and every Druidical monument inspires them with awe and superstitious veneration. During his voyage, our author enjoyed an opportunity of dredging for, and eating the famous oysters before alluded to. "Lucullus," he says, "did wisely in sending to Armorica for his

oysters, but he would have done better had he gone to the Morbihan to eat them—they are delicious.”

The Druidical monuments near Loc-Maria-Ker are as remarkable for their prodigious size, as those of Carnac for their number. The enormous prostrate Menhir we have already described; but, besides this, there is a Dolmen of vast extent situated about a quarter of a mile from the water, the top of which is formed of three stones, the largest being twenty-nine feet long, sixteen feet four inches broad, and one foot eight inches thick; and a few yards from the great Menhir, there is a similar structure, whose roof consists of one stone, eighteen feet long and twelve feet eight inches wide. A flint knife and a large quantity of cinders were found within this Dolmen, which seems to render it extremely probable that it was devoted to sacrificial purposes. The huge shattered monolith of Loc-Maria-Ker lies at the eastern extremity of the extensive monuments of Carnac, which, there is good reason to believe, once extended nearly to its base: and Mr. Weld seems inclined to think, that it may, perhaps, have been the principal type of the great divinity of that mysterious people, who engrafted their superstitious belief in stones, on the setting up of the pillar by the patriarch Jacob.

“Deprived as we are,” he says, “when examining the monuments of Carnac, of any assistance from the lights of history, we are naturally very much tempted to indulge in speculations, many of which are doubtless as wild as the legends to which the Bretons cling with hereditary fondness. But if we incline to the belief that the stones of Carnac—and by this expression I desire to include all the monuments studding the vast plain extending from Belz to Loc-Maria-Ker, a distance of nearly thirteen miles, formed originally a great heathen temple, then it is extremely probable that the east end of the main avenue was purposely terminated by a gigantic obelisk, which, among the serried ranks of stones, was the first and last to catch the rays of the rising and setting sun.”

We shall conclude our notice of Mr. Weld's instructive and fascinating volume by extracting, for the benefit of our readers, the veritable legend of the Breton Bluebeard:—

“In the middle of the sixth century, on the site of a castle whose ruins may still be seen about four miles from the town of Auray, stood a stronghold, occupied by a baron whose name was Commore, but who is familiarly known by the *soubriquet* of Barbe-Bleu de la Basse-Bretagne, to distinguish him from Giles de Retz, the veritable Barbe-Bleu. He was noted for his crimes, but particularly for his habit of killing his wives as soon as he discovered that they were *enceinte*. He had just destroyed his fourth wife, when he became enamoured of the beautiful Triphyne, daughter of Guérech, Count of

Vannes, with whom he was on terms of great enmity. Unable, as may be readily imagined, to obtain by personal application her consent to become his wife, he sought the assistance of St. Gildas, whom he had propitiated by costly gifts to the church, and a show of repentance. Gildas, deceived by fair promises, undertook to intercede for the Baron with the Count, and assured the latter that, if he would give his daughter to Commore, she would be kindly treated; that if, however, the Baron took a dislike to her, he had made a vow not to kill her, but restore the lady to Gildas, who would place her in the hands of her father uninjured; and, moreover, that the Baron would make certain concessions to the Count, by which means the enmity of many years standing would be terminated. The Count listened attentively, but was unwilling to accede, until, at length, the saint's eloquent protestations of the Baron's sincerity gained his consent, and Triphyne was given to the Baron; for the story belongs to the good old days when marriages were contracted by the parents without consulting the wishes of their children. Well, the marriage, which was very unpopular, was celebrated with great pomp at Vannes, and the Baron departed with his bride to his castle. For some months she was, or at least seemed happy, when one day she was terrified by a sudden change in her husband's behaviour, while, at the same time, his face assumed such a ferocious expression as to frighten her out of her senses. Terrified, she escaped from the castle, and, mounting her palfrey, galloped towards Vannes. But, alas! her husband, having been apprized of her departure, rode in hot haste after her. The poor lady soon discovered that she was pursued, and by the person most dreaded. In vain did she urge her panting steed; the cruel Baron gradually gained upon her. Wild with alarm, she threw herself from her horse, and ran into a wood by the roadside, where she hoped to escape detection; but it was too late. The Baron dragged her from the hiding-place, and, grasping her beautiful hair, regardless of tears and entreaties that her life might be spared, smote off her head; and having wiped his sword, rode home, believing that his deed had not been seen. But he was mistaken; a peasant, too timid to interfere, saw the dreadful act, and hastened to tell the tale to Count Guérech.

"The unhappy father, remembering that it was at the solicitation of St. Gildas that he had given his daughter to the Baron, and also remembering that the saint had covenanted to restore her to him unharmed, in case of her husband becoming tired of her, sent for Gildas, and demanded how he could reconcile what had happened to his daughter, with his promise. On receiving the intelligence that Triphyne had been barbarously murdered, the saint was greatly moved and wept bitterly; then he desired to be conducted to the spot where the corpse lay. Falling on his knees, beside the mutilated body, he prayed long and earnestly; then rising, he placed her decapitated head upon her body, and cried with a loud voice, 'Triphyne! Triphyne! in the name of the most powerful God, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, rise up, and tell me where thou hast

"The lady forthwith arose, and declared before a crowd of people who had assembled round her, that angels were on the point of bearing her into Paradise, when the words of St. Gildas recalled her soul to earth, and restored her body to her father. Nor did the saint stop here: proceeding to the Baron's castle, he ordered the gates to be thrown open, but, being denied admittance, he seized a handful of dust, and casting it against the building, the walls crumbled to the ground with a fearful noise, crushing the wicked Baron in their fall, and all attempts to rebuild it have since proved abortive."

ART. VII.—*Journal of a Tour in Unsettled Parts of North America in 1796 and 1797.* By the late Francis Baily, F.R.S., President of the Royal Astronomical Society. With a Memoir of the Author. London: Baily Brothers. 1856.

FRANCIS BAILY appeared to the world in three characters—as a traveller, as a man of business, and as an astronomer. Had he published his memoirs at the time when they were written, he would certainly have gained a name among enterprising explorers; as a stock-broker he acquired a handsome independence; as an astronomer, a high and lasting reputation.

Born on the 28th April, 1774, he was placed by his father, a banker of Newbury, at the school of the Rev. Mr. Best, where he received the basis of an excellent education. When quite a boy, he displayed so striking a propensity to physical inquiry, and so earnest an application to all classes of study, that he procured among his young friends the soubriquet of the "Philosopher of Newbury." In the establishment of Mr. Best, however, he was merely initiated in the rudiments of general knowledge; all his proficiency in the sciences, through which he gained so eminent a name, he acquired by self-culture. At fourteen, he quitted school, and until his twenty-second year, remained in a house of business in the City, when having served his time, he embarked for America, his travels in which country—varied, picturesque, and romantic in the highest degree—are described in the present volume.

On his return to Europe, he entered, about 1801, into partnership with Mr. Whitmore, of the Stock-Exchange. The many small works which he then produced in his leisure hours, procured him a considerable amount of popularity. One, in particular, was so highly esteemed, that when it was out of print, copies used to sell for four or five times their original price. In 1820, he distinguished himself by promoting the

foundation of the Astronomical Society, the secretaryship of which he honourably filled for three years. In 1821, he became a member of three other societies, and in 1825, retiring from the Stock Exchange, he devoted himself entirely to the pursuit of science.

To give an idea of his quiet, yet eventful life, would be beside our purpose, our present object being to consider his voyage to, and travels in America. It will be sufficient to say, that after a life spent in the display of talents rather sober and solid than brilliant,—a life, during which he made himself obnoxious to no one, but called forth the earnest friendship and admiration of many, he died on the 30th August, 1844, at the age of seventy years and four months.

Mr. Baily's travels comprise a voyage to, and an account of Antigua; a brief survey of New York; an excursion in an open boat from Pittsburgh to New Orleans, down the Ohio and Mississippi; the incidents of his journey by land, through the forest-wilds to Natchez, to Nashville, and thence to Knoxville. They occupied the better part of two years, during which he experienced great privations, at one time, "passing eleven months without the shelter of a civilized roof."

On Wednesday, the 21st October, 1795, he embarked on board the *Jay*, Captain O'Brien, then lying at Gravesend, and bound for New York. Almost directly after leaving the Downs they experienced a terrible storm, from which, however, the ship happily escaped. Towards the end of December—what a difference between travelling then and now!—they came into the latitude of the Bermuda Islands, "the still-vexed Bermoothes," where they beat about for two days without being able to discover land, so low were the rocks and so stormy was the weather. They were at length obliged to bear away to Antigua, and after passing Barbadoes, with its perpetual verdure and its herds of cattle grazing amid the green trees, they arrived there on the 28th. "The view" he observes, "of the distant islands of Nevis, St. Kitts, Montserrat, and Guadaloupe, and of the sea from different parts of this highly romantic country, added to that agreeable variety of hill and dale with which this island is interspersed, makes the scenery very picturesque and enchanting."

Sailing thence on the 24th January, 1796, he arrived, towards the middle of February, at Norfolk, in Virginia, a poor, mean-looking town. Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Bristol, are described minutely; and the road from the last place to Trenton was "most enchanting." After passing through New York, the travellers moved on rapidly to the North Mountain, the descent of which was most romantic and picturesque. From Sideling

Hill to the Junietta river, the road lay through a narrow, winding path, apparently cut out of the mountain. The sun had not set, but was hidden from the travellers by the heights towering around them, so that the road was enveloped in deep gloom. A distant light presently broke over them, and roused Baily from the reverie into which the obscurity of the road had thrown him. The first sight that presented itself to his eyes was the Junietta river gently winding between steep hills, crowned with forests of dense verdure; the sun just glinting on the rocks and on the waters, and the opposite of the mountain enveloped in deep gloom.

It was sunset when they reached the summit of the opposite hill, where they found themselves in the midst of a mountainous and woody country; the Junietta winding and flowing on each side of them at the foot of the slope, and the far-off mountains rising in wild grandeur beyond. By moonlight, along a dark path amid the woods, they reached a lonely inn in the Warriors' Gap. Remaining here some days, they amused themselves by shooting on the mountains, but being "very young hands," they were always unsuccessful.

M. Laches, a general in the French army, intending to proceed down the Ohio in a small skiff which he had purchased, Baily and his friend agreed to accompany him. Accordingly, on the 18th October, they started, and glided swiftly down this beautiful stream. On the following morning they parted from the general, and, gun in hand, struck into the woods. Reaching Pittsburgh in the evening, they started from this town next day, and together with some other adventurers, once more descended the stream.

The gentleman who accompanied Baily intended establishing a settlement on the Miami river, and had, therefore, furnished himself with every article necessary for his new habitation. Our travellers were, therefore, better off than many of their companions. On November 29th, large pieces of ice were beheld on the river, and constrained them to go on shore and suspend their voyage for three days. Resuming it, however, they floated on, meeting here and there with obstructions—passing towns and villages, until on December 10th, the whole of the travellers moored their boats in company, and taking to the land, subsisted entirely on the produce of their hunting.

Remaining here for some time, amid the most wild and romantic scenery, they were startled, on the 21st December, by the breaking up of the ice, accompanied by a roaring as of thunder; the boats were lost, and they were obliged to fix upon the spot as their winter habitation. The picture of the river after the breaking up of the ice is full of interest:—

"When morning approached, a scene the most distressing presented itself. The river was one floating wreck! Nothing could be discerned amidst the vast bodies of ice (some of which were as big as a moderate-sized house), but trees which had been torn up from the banks, and the boats of many a family, who had scarcely time to escape unhurt from such an unlooked-for event, and whose whole property, perhaps scraped together to form a settlement in this distant territory, was now floating away, a prey to the desolating flood. Canoes, skiffs, flatts, in fact everything which was opposed to its fury, was hurried along in one general ruin."

Having lived for some days under a tent, they discovered and established themselves in a deserted log-hut, which they lined with blankets and coarse linen. They built a chimney, which also served as a window, and dragged their goods on sledges from their former habitation by means of the four horses they had with them. Hunting, making sugar, reading, talking of Old England around the blazing fire, and sleeping the sweet sleep that follows toil, made up the business of the day. It is to be doubted whether in his after life, however rich and prosperous he may have been—however beloved and however famous—it is to be doubted, we repeat, whether Baily did not look back with regret to the wild days spent amid the forest solitudes of North America.

On February 20th, 1797, they once more renewed their journey. During their captivity, their men had been engaged in building a boat thirteen feet wide, and forty feet long; and leaving the little settlement they had formed in the wilderness, they arrived in a week at Columbia. Departing thence with his friend to the place where the latter intended fixing his colony, they passed through the woods, and arrived at the romantic spot where he hoped to live and end his days. Having enjoyed a little bear-hunting, and made many excursions in the woods, he returned to Columbia, where he waited for the boat destined for New Orleans. On its arrival, he agreed with them to call for him at Cincinnati, where he had business, and embarking in a little skiff with all his luggage, he set out on his lonely journey. Floating down at the rate of six miles an hour, he soon reached the city, which is built on the banks of the Ohio, opposite the mouths of the Licking River. April 8th, Baily once more began his journey in company with others, and arriving at Port William, saw the tree on which James M'Bride, who first discovered this portion of the country, cut his name in 1754. Port William, then containing only sixty houses, is situated on the eastern side of the mouth of the Kentucky, which is here about a hundred yards wide, while the Ohio is six hundred. Quitting this place in the evening, they arrived in the morning

at Louisville, where the boats take in pilots to steer them over the Falls. It was at that time a very moderate-sized place, consisting of only two hundred houses, while the traveller speaks of the climate and soil as without a rival.

Owing to the depth of the water, they experienced little difficulty in going over the falls. At any other season the stream would have been turbulent, rapid, and rushing over the rocks with an impetuosity which, as our author says, might cause the traveller to exclaim with the Trojan wanderer:—

*“Tollimur in cœlum curvato gurgite, et idem
Subductâ ad Manes imos descendimus undâ.”*

A place situated near the Wabash is well worthy a description. It is called the Big Cave. Formed by a ledge of limestone rocks, it extended for a considerable distance along the banks of the Ohio. Its entrance was ten feet high by twenty broad, and the cave extended inwards fifty feet. Its sides were green and damp; and from the roof drops of water continually fell, caused by the filtering of the moisture through the stone. On all sides of the cavern were cut the names of persons who had previously visited this solitary spot; and excluded from all society, our traveller seems to have experienced especial delight in witnessing these relics of former adventurers.

Soon after they narrowly escaped quarrelling with the Indians. Being obliged to haul their boat ashore, in consequence of the violence of the weather—a tremendous gale of wind, accompanied by thunder and lightning, was blowing right up the river—they were kindly assisted by some of the natives. Thanking them for their aid, our travellers imagined they would depart in peace; but espying a barrel of whiskey lying snugly in the corner of the boat, they asked to taste it. Baily and his companions, not to appear ungrateful, seated them on some barrels round the fire in the craft, and drew them a cup which was soon emptied. They desired to have more, which was at first refused, but on their giving a promise to leave the boat as soon as they received a little, they obtained it. But, of course, they did not keep their word. One of them laid hold of Baily, and making him sit down by him, began teaching him his language. Soon, however, this quiet demeanour forsook them; they became clamorous; they vociferated loudly, and declared, with shouts, that they would have more. After using threats and entreaties in vain, it was resolved to send up to the garrison for a file of soldiers; but the captain, who understood how to manage them, came down and declared that there was only one cup more in the barrel, but they should have that if they would drink it on shore. To this they consented; and

when they were put on land, the plank was withdrawn and the boats pulled away. The dress of the Indians consisted of a calico shirt, and mocassins made of deerskin, smoked instead of tanned, and thus rendered soft and pliable to the feet. They were sewn together with the sinews of the deer, and ornamented with porcupine quills and wampum.

Towards the end of April, they entered the Mississippi, into which the Ohio discharges itself, forty-six miles below Fort Massac. They found the current of the stream pure and gentle, except now and then when the waters brought with them earthy particles, which tinged the river for a moment, and then passed away, leaving its wonted clearness. It was the middle of summer before they reached Point Coupeè; after having passed along the Mississippi, now winding through cultivated land, now meandering along the confines of a vast prairie, now flowing by a town or a village, or a little settlement in the woods.

From this place to New Orleans the mighty flood flowed on between an uninterrupted chain of plantations scattered at unequal distances along the shore. Here, as the waters were higher than the surrounding country and might overflow the cultivated lands, a raised bank, called a *leveè*, ran along the borders of the stream, planted here and there with orange and lemon trees, and forming a fine broad walk. They remained a few days at New Orleans :—

“Immediately adjoining the barracks,” says Mr. Baily, “is the convent, which is another plain edifice, and holds about thirty or forty nuns. A number of the female children of the inhabitants of the place are sent here to be educated, and many of them are so fond of the mode of living, that at the proper age they have voluntarily taken the veil. The convent takes up a great space of ground, and has a large garden adjoining it.”

Mr. Baily gives a very excellent description of the place as it then existed—its buildings, its inhabitants, its society, its trade, its press, and its amusements. Each city through which he passed is described more or less graphically, so as to form a pleasant variety with the pictures of external nature, which are so beautiful and so grand in the New World. Mr. Baily intended to have proceeded to New York from this place by sea; but when he arrived he found there was not a single vessel in the harbour. Finding himself unable to proceed by water, he embraced an opportunity of joining a party about to set off through the wilderness—that vast tract of uncultivated land which lay between the United States and the Spanish settlements, and which was then inhabited solely by Indians. He purchased a couple of horses, one for himself, and the other to carry his provisions, and laid in a store of biscuit, beef, &c., sufficient

to last him untill he came to Natchez. Having accoutred himself in a huntsman's dress, consisting of a pair of coarse brown overhauls, a shirt of the same material, and some strong shoes, he started with the rest of the party on June 21st. They crossed Lake Pontchartrain, and landing at a little settlement on the banks of the river Chafunky, commenced their journey through the woods.

They usually passed their day as follows: They awoke by daylight, so as to set out by the time the sun rose above the horizon. Their march was continued until eleven, when they chose a spot where there was water, and there unpacking and lighting a fire, they refreshed themselves for three hours. Reclining under the shade of the trees, they screened themselves from the sun during the fierce heats of noon, and then advancing again, continued their march till sunset, when, after a second meal, they retired to rest. Their privations were in some cases extremely distressing. They were at one time compelled, after a long and fatiguing journey, to drink some stagnant water which lay in a hollow formed by a fallen tree.

The road lay through the woods,—now passing a small stream—now crossing some old camping-ground of the Indians—now over a river—now leading across a deep chasm, athwart which a tree had been thrown by some former traveller. At one time it lay across the Hurricane, so called from the terrible tornado which some years before had ravaged the country. The trajet occupied the whole afternoon. The tempest had hewn itself a passage through the forest, forming an avenue three hundred miles long and seven broad, covered with the trunks of tall pines and huge oak trees with thick and stunted undergrowth.

After passing this scene of desolation, they encamped on the side of a hill abounding with grass and flowers. and every profusion of nature except that they most required—water. The pangs of thirst were so severe, that they were unable to sleep, and Mr. Baily finding the endeavour useless, rose and walked a little distance from the camp. By the bright light of the summer-moon he made a discovery, which it is matter of surprise he did not make before. The long blades of grass glistened with thick and large drops of dew, and by passing some of them through his mouth, he was enabled entirely to quench his thirst. He acquainted his companions with the grateful news; and after this refreshment, they were able to obtain the rest so necessary on a fatiguing journey through the forest.

There must necessarily be a certain sameness in a journey through the wilds of America in those days. There was little to vary the monotony of their daily road but the glimpse of a stray Indian, an impediment to their advance, the fording of a river,

the crossing of a ravine, or the meeting with some little settlement in the woods. They sometimes lost their way, and often their horses. On one occasion the scouts, sent out after one of the animals, had a long and fatiguing chase; and after scouring the country for miles, discovered him grazing quietly in a valley at no great distance from the camp. Their baggage, however, was still partially missing; but so determined were they to sacrifice nothing, that they sent one of the party, an excellent woodsman, to follow the tracks. He was not very long ere he recovered the whole, with the exception of a *small tin cup*.

On the night following, their camp was surprised, and two horses were carried off by the Indians. They did not discover their loss until the morning, when they dispatched a couple of their best men to scour the woods. Upon the discovery of the track, four of the party, including Mr. Baily, armed themselves and set off in pursuit; but after a fatiguing ride of four hours, they were compelled to give over the chase. Returning to their companions, they comforted themselves, according to the expression of our traveller, with the universal consolation, that "it was well it was no worse!" The owner of the missing animals was a Dutchman whose misfortune they endeavoured to alleviate by helping to carry his baggage among them.

Towards the middle of July, their five Dutch companions, who had all along met with misfortunes, loss of money, of horses, and of health, declared they could advance no farther; and after setting them up a tent, our travellers were compelled to leave them in the forest. After meeting with great kindness from the natives, although they could not restrain their thieving propensities—after passing over country much more thickly populated than any they had yet traversed—after crossing numerous streams, among others the Tennessee—after experiencing some civilities at the hands of the Cherokees, and falling in with various little adventures, too trivial to be here related, they arrived on the 1st of August, at Nashville. The town is pleasantly situated on the south-west bank of the Cumberland river, which is here about two hundred yards wide.

"The country around," says Mr. Baily, "consists of a layer of fine black mould on a bed of limestone, which in many places projects through the surface, and shows itself in dark grey protuberances. In the year 1780, a small colony under the direction of James Robertson, crossed the mountains and settled in this place: but it was not till within these few years that it could be called a place of importance. In 1791, there were seven thousand people on Cumberland River."

The town itself consisted of about sixty or eighty families.

The houses, which were of frame or logs, stood scattered over a wide space, so that the place appeared much larger than in reality it was. As in all new settlements, the inhabitants were chiefly men of business; every one who bought and sold being called a store-keeper. The Indians at this time, particularly those in this portion of the country, disputed every inch of ground with the Americans, and would not allow them, except by force, to encroach upon their territory. So determined were they to assert their rights, and force the Americans to abide by their treaties, that many of them watched the surveyors appointed to run the line between their respective properties in order to see that they did not defraud their tribe.

The day after his arrival, Mr. Baily again set out with the prospect of having to traverse two thousand miles by himself—one-third of the road lying through a vast wilderness, inhabited entirely by the native tribes, and a great proportion of the remainder not much better. However, rather than incur delay, he resolved to travel alone; and mounting his riding-horse and leading the other, he crossed the river and struck into the woods. Soon after his departure, he was caught on the summit of a mountain by one of those terrible storms which are so frequent in the New World. It was ten o'clock; the night was as dark as Erebus; no water was to be obtained, and parched with thirst, with the storm howling above him, he was obliged to encamp. Lighting a fire, which he imagined would resist any rain, he spread his blanket and lay down to rest. The storm now approached him, and the vast fire which blazed beside him was soon extinguished. He, however, in spite of the flashing of the lightning, and the fierce roars of heaven's artillery, slept soundly until three o'clock, when, on awakening, he found that, as he had chosen a hollow place, the water was quite over him, and in a few minutes more would have been above his head! Rising up, he wrung out his blankets, went to a higher and drier spot, and once more slept soundly until morning, when the sun rose with all its usual brilliance.

After crossing the Cumberland mountains with their lovely scenery and wild grandeur, where—

“Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps o'er Alps arise,”

—he entered upon a country of exquisite beauty. The constant variety of hill and dale, streams meandering between flowering pastures, yet wild and undesecrated by civilization since the time when a vast army passed over them and left its track distinct across the plain and the hills, produced upon Mr. Baily's mind a delightful repose. Next day he saw Mr. Davidson, a travelling acquaintance, coming up behind him, and they pro-

ceeded the rest of the way together. His journal ceases abruptly at Knoxville, although he declares that he could have filled another volume nearly as large as the present. It appears, however, from some loose papers, that he left New York in an American vessel, January 28th, 1798; that the ship was boarded by a French privateer, and not having passports, they were made prisoners of war. Declaring, however, that they were American citizens, they were permitted to proceed, and arrived at Bristol on the 1st of March.

Taken as a whole, the volume is one of great interest. It was never corrected by the author, and lay by uncared for till twelve years after his death. The eventful life of the author, and the excellence of his character, add interest to its pages; while praise is due to Mr. De Morgan for the judicious manner in which he has edited the volume, and to Sir John Herschel, for his able memoir of the enterprising voyager, the kind friend, the energetic man of business, and the earnest votary of science.

ART. VIII.—*Veiled Hearts: a Novel.* By the Author of "The Wife's Trials." In Three Volumes. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1856.

IT is scarcely a fanciful belief that there are cycles in the literary as in the political and the material world. At one era, imagination seems to culminate; in a more utilitarian interval, science guides, and political economy rules the mind of nations. In the characteristic phraseology of the latter season, fiction is *down*, poetry is at a discount, the somniferous buzz about the flowers has ceased, and the whole hive is busy in the mathematical construction of cells, and the labour of storing and distribution. A less innocent avarice than that of the apiary seizes on the minds of men. Dream-land solidifies into parishes, and poets vanish before surveyors and tax-gatherers.

It would seem as if we had suddenly fallen on these economical days. The broken wand of the Magician of the North is entombed with him. The graces of the female novelists of the past generation are no longer reproduced by their successors. The poets, who illustrated the past age, have died childless, or left no co-ordinate representatives; and the most numerous vacant niches in the pantheon of our literature are those assigned to fiction. The refined palate of society misses the condiment of high imaginative literature, and the wail of weekly criticism is, "Give us a good novel."

We do not notice the tale before us, in order to show, in the

short critique of it to which we must confine ourselves, that it supplies this *desideratum*. It is distinguished by no grandeur of conception, and the characters with whom it brings us acquainted are not above those who are daily met with in cultivated society. The dialogue does not sparkle either with originality or eloquence; but it is a pleasing delineation of life and manners, in which the reader is interested without being enchanted, and has his emotions excited, without their being raised to the pitch of enthusiasm. We inspect, through a stereoscope, a scene, which is not distinguished by grandeur of natural scenery, nor embellished with personal beauty: it may be a rude interior, after the manner of a Dutch painter; but we are interested simply by the accuracy of its delineation. And so, with a fiction like this, our interest in the characters is begotten by intimate acquaintance, while we watch their nature, varying with vicissitude, and enduring or yielding to the stress of trial.

"Veiled Hearts" can scarcely be said to have a hero. A rich baronet, in the North of England, was frustrated in a love affair by a more favoured person. The latter dissipates his fortune, and his wife, with an only infant daughter, is left in penury, in obscure lodgings in London. Meanwhile, the baronet has married, but conceals from his lady his previous attachment. A solicitation, extorted from the unfortunate and deserted wife by indigence and mortal sickness, brings the baronet to London, and to her lodgings, only in time to witness her decease. He takes the child under his protection, and gives her in charge to a woman residing at one of the lodges of his mansion, who has suddenly been left a widow. As the girl grows up, and is frequently at the mansion, she attracts the attention of the clergyman's wife, who is childless, and who desires to adopt her, and give her the education for which her precocious talents seem to crave. While residing in the clergyman's house, her father, Mr. Danvers, learns from the nurse of his late wife that his child still lives, whom he had believed to have been buried with her mother, traces her residence, and recovers her. In process of time, she is residing with her father, at the West End of London, where a nephew of the baronet, who had formed his acquaintance abroad, was a frequent visitor. He conceives an attachment to her, which she returns with the love of a life; but it is not until they were betrothed, that he discovers that she was the deserted child, in whom he had taken so deep an interest during his frequent residences at his uncle's seat, and whom he had then known as Margaret Evelyn—a name, which the close reserve of the baronet had imposed upon her. A marriage of course is the consequence; and, *Finis coronat opus*.

Such are the materials out of which the authoress—for the

writer is evidently a lady—has constructed a story, which, with some defects, is still very charming. It contrasts, at all events, most favourably with several novels of higher pretensions, which have sought to stimulate the taste of the public by the most unnatural combinations. Not only the aged and the young, but the morose and the lovely, have been, like the "*tigribus agni*" of Horace, forced into unnatural union. The uniform sweetness of Margaret Danvers, which alike throws its charm over the residence of a servant, and graces the saloons of aristocracy, enchains the affection of the reader, and "points a moral," while it "adorns a tale." The following scene, in which Margaret is recognized with her altered appearance and her rightful name, may be taken as a fair sample of the style of the work:—

"Very softly Percy entered by the window from the garden; Mr. Danvers having left him, to fetch some books from the library which he thought would clear up a difficulty of which they had been talking. The sound of music had drawn the Captain towards the house; and, charmed with the improvising talent thus unexpectedly discovered in the bewitching Miss Danvers, he drew near, and before she was aware of his presence, stood close behind her chair, and hummed one familiar air, which seemed to run with tantalizing grace through the whole of her medley.

"'I am sure you sing, Miss Danvers,' he at last said; and, emboldened by her smile, he began looking over a heap of music that lay scattered around.

"On many of these pieces, especially on the songs, she knew that her name, Maggy Evelyn, was written; and she coloured deeply as she perceived that he had already seen it, while in his looks there was something like an expression of contempt, which she felt she could not calmly endure.

"One little book, in which he had written the words of several songs, at length caught his attention; he recognized and opened it. Margaret felt too dizzy to stop him. 'There is nothing like making a thorough clearance. You seem to be residuary legatee to every thing that belonged to *her*,' he exclaimed, with an emphasis on the last word, which made her tremble at the idea of the crisis that was at hand. 'I beg your pardon, Miss Danvers, but if, as I believe to be the case, you are not one who easily discards old friends, you will readily comprehend that I am mortified—nay, more, that I am wounded—to find that every vestige of my early association with your friend has lost all value in her eyes, and is given away. Own that it is not flattering to be thus completely forgotten.'

"'Not so, Captain Rochedale,' she returned, for it was impossible to remain silent under this impression, so particularly odious to her, and so foreign to her habits; but it cost her an effort to say it: 'Maggy Evelyn does not forget!'

"'You are generous to defend her in conduct which I am sure you

could never imitate; but you do not know what Maggy once was to me'—he stopped, as if too much hurt to say more; but Margaret had covered her face with her hands, and was weeping bitterly.

"‘Good Heavens!—Margaret—Miss Danvers—what have I done?’ And, in his agitation, he gently removed and retained one of her small hands. ‘How have I offended? When I would die before saying a word that could wound you—tell me my involuntary offence—and oh! dearest Margaret, tell me that I am forgiven;’ and his voice was quite suppliant in its tenderness.

"‘I am ashamed of myself,’ she said, withdrawing her hand, and trying to speak with composure; for one word in his hasty speech, though it for a moment shook her self-possession, had decided her no longer to continue the mystery; so, with all her former self in her looks—in her manner, she continued, ‘O Percy, Percy!—how unjust you are to your old friend Maggy!’

"He looked at her electrified; the smile of joy at hearing himself thus addressed, roused him; the modulation of her tones was like an echo from the past; the look from her dark eyes was that of which he had dreamed, and longed to find a waking reality; the smile was one he well remembered.

"‘Margaret!’ he said, solemnly,—and he looked fixedly at her agitated face—‘there is something here which I do not quite understand; in mercy explain it to me—tell me—tell me who is she?—Where is she?’

"Her face was raised in her turn; she looked full in his eyes; a glimmer of the truth shone there. ‘Margaret!’ he repeated.

"‘Call me Maggy,’ she said, softly—‘for she is here;’ and her glance fell before the bright look of intelligence and passionate love which filled his, as he exclaimed—

"‘No, here—for ever here!’ pressing her to his heart—‘loved—long-loved;—I see it all now;—loved as a child—loved as an innocent girl—loved, oh! how loved—as the beautiful woman, as my idolized wife!’—and he kissed again and again the sweet face that lay so confidently on his bosom. ‘Dearest Margaret—ever-loved Maggy!’

"‘Not now, Percy,’ she whispered, looking very pale, for she was quite overcome;—‘but my father’—

"‘I will fetch him,’ he said; ‘but—but is it true?’ and he stopped, and looked imploringly at her.

"‘All true,’ she replied, making an effort to set him at rest. ‘All true, except Maggy’s bad memory.’”

Brief Notices.

The Homilist. Conducted by the Rev. David Thomas. London: Ward and Co.

It is a happy circumstance when, in starting a magazine or journal

an unoccupied niche can be found in the literature of the country. A periodical which shall take the same ground as that of other periodicals already enjoying the popular favour, is not likely to be successful. The *Homilist* (the sermonizer or sermon-magazine) was a happy thought; it takes unoccupied ground. It accomplishes that which has been worthily effected by no other periodical. Of the twenty-five or thirty thousand persons (we rejoice to think the number is so great) who preach substantially the same gospel in this kingdom every Lord's-day, there is a considerable number who require for the efficient discharge of their duties exactly that kind of aid which this monthly publication furnishes. We refer to what are called local preachers among Dissenters and Methodists. In the last-mentioned body of Christians they are the strength of the denomination, without whom it would be comparatively powerless. These men, like many of the first preachers in the days of the apostles, support themselves and their families by their own labour, and devote the sabbath to the ministry of the word in the villages and smaller stations, and occasionally supply the pulpits of the regular preachers, thus enabling them to extend their ministry much further than it could otherwise reach. Though possessing suitable qualifications for the work—piety and aptness to teach—they have not much time for study. To such persons a work like the *Homilist* will prove invaluable; furnishing hints, suggesting subjects, outlines of thought, giving entire sermons, comments on passages of Scriptures, facts of ecclesiastical history, and biography, &c. Those who cannot obtain the requisite learning for themselves will thus be able to receive it second-hand, and enjoy the benefit of the studies and acquirements of their more learned brethren. To them we would cordially recommend this work, and can assure them they will find it beyond all price; furnishing them with matter, language, and illustration adapted to strengthen and enrich their minds for the important branch of duty to which the Head of the church has called them.

Streams from Lebanon. By the Rev. William Reid, M.A. London: Nisbet and Co. 1856.

THIS neat volume will be found specially suitable as a *devotional* book, and for the purposes of *practical* religion. The author, well known to the religious public as the editor of the *British Messenger*, has here collected a number of short papers, addresses, and narratives (many of them addressed to the young and to the Christian inquirer), which are not only sound, but apt, and calculated to be useful to the classes for which they are designed. The prevailing character of the book is to present the love of God in Christ, and to press on all the necessity of earnestness and decision. The style is clear, simple, and direct; the tone affectionate and earnest; and the subjects so chosen and handled as to give promise of exhibiting the necessity of a spiritual inner life, and of stimulating it where it already exists. Our readers will understand that it is not meant to be a work on *theology*, but simply a devotional book; and as such we can cordially

recommend it. Where this object is primarily sought, and in good measure attained, a more extended *literary* criticism would perhaps be somewhat out of place, and without entering into further particulars, we shall, therefore, content ourselves with simply commending the warmth, freshness, and Christian earnestness of the volume.

A Manual of Sea Anemones commonly found on the English Coast.
By the Rev. George Tugwell. London: Van Voorst. 1856.

SINCE it has become a fashion to keep polyps in glass cases, and pet them in drawing-rooms, there has been a rage for sea-anemones. Strange to say, you need not now hunt for them on rocky shores, and in places you cannot reach without peril of life or limb, nor spend your strength in lifting heavy blocks of drift, and chiselling hard stones, taking no account of what you may suffer under the weight of leathern cases, and baskets full of bottles; nor need you depend for a supply upon the generosity of a friend living near the sea-side, who, although a great admirer and zealous collector of actinina, will probably pay some one to obtain what he sends you, taking care to select for himself all the choice, and many of the most beautiful specimens. They may now be bought in London for a shilling each, and upwards, just as the roots of the flower from which they receive their name can be obtained at a price per ounce increasing with their scarcity and beauty. But, among the many well-to-do people who amuse themselves by collecting these animals, there are probably but few who know anything about them; for those who have been willing to learn, if that could be done without trouble, have been unable to find a teacher. To persons in this dilemma, Mr. Tugwell has offered his assistance, and has presented them with an instructive, well-written manual, which will solve all their difficulties, and give them as much information as they require. He has a great dread of using the phraseology of the learned, and has done his best to teach a little science in a popular style, that his readers may talk sensibly about their pets, and understand their habits. He teaches what a sea anemone is, where it is to be found, what is its name, how it can be kept alive, and what it will do. To this useful information he has added some valuable supplementary and critical notes, and a glossary of hard words. The book is illustrated with six coloured portraits of English species, from the pencil of Mr. Brodrip, and we recommend it not only to those of our readers who are fortunate enough to possess a marine aquarium, but to all who are interested in the study of these curious and beautiful animals.

False Worship. An Essay. By the Rev. S. R. Maitland, D.D.,
F.R.S. and F.S.A. London: Rivingtons. 1856.

THIS is in many respects a very curious production. The author believes, and attempts to show that the origin of idolatry is to be found in the commixture of "the sons of God"—whom, along with Baumgarten, Kurtz, &c., he holds to have been angels—"with the daughters of men." (Gen. vi.) This theory he propounds and carries

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out, displaying considerable learning and industry, and a certain amount of ingenuity. We are, however, bound to add that he has failed to convince us. To Dr. Maitland, the whole theogony of the ancients resolves itself into this unhallowed union and its offspring. He holds that all the giants spoken of in the Bible are lineal descendants of those original giants, through some of the wives of Noah's sons; and that the Titans, in Tartarus, are what he calls the "tartarus'd" spirits of 2 Peter ii. 4. With his hypothesis, he connects the evil spirits, which possessed the demoniacs (spoken of in the Gospel), demon and angel-worship generally; then Swedenborgianism, spiritualism, and the various mesmeric pretensions and phenomena, attempting to show that the common objects of all ancient and modern superstitions of this kind were the attainment of *health* and *knowledge*. The general scope of the argument seems to be: first, that all false worship is one and the same in its character and tendency; and, secondly, that it may ultimately be traced back to the sinful union of angels and men. The book also contains some curious exegetical discussions, as about "leviathan," &c.; and what appears to us a very fanciful attempt to prove that the description of the female ornaments, &c., enumerated in Isa. iii. 16, in reality applied to magic practices—the "charms" of the daughters of Judah being not intended to captivate the *hearts* but the *souls* of the Israelites. This necessarily meagre outline will suffice to give our readers an idea of the contents of this volume. For our own part, we cannot help regretting that so much research and industry should not have been devoted to the elucidation of what would appear to us, at any rate, a more useful object.

Timothy: Letters to the Young on the Doctrines of Grace. By John Orange, Torquay. London: Ward and Co. 1856.

THE author of "this unpretending volume" is entirely independent of any commendation from us. He tells us in the preface, that "it is not 'reading made easy' for children; it is a book to occupy vigorous intellect, to tax lofty conception, to fill the imagination of Gabriel"—and we fancy *he* must know best. So much only will we say, that it certainly *is not* "reading made easy." The subjects treated in these letters are the doctrines of election, grace, justification, the sealing of the spirit and final perseverance. Each of these receives a very short treatment, simply in the way of exposition, not of vindication or elaborate argument. The style is of the most high-flowing and pretentious character. Would the reader like a specimen or two? "To elect, then, obviously, is to choose; to choose is to elect. Choosing and electing are convertible terms. Believers are chosen in Jesus before the foundation of the world. But to be chosen is to be elected." No doubt all this is very conclusive. Or, again: "Sweet and loud are the praises in which they celebrate the intense, the everlasting love, which has exalted them to that sublime elevation of purity and bliss. Lofty notes, flung from the trembling wires of angelic harps, mingle with those voices, and

swell those strains which rise to resound, and, like distant thunder, roll through the golden arches of that lofty temple for ever and ever." We would advise Mr. Orange, when he writes on such subjects, to put aside every attempt at "fine writing," and to be more modest in his estimate of the value of his performances.

The Lay of the Stork. By Miss Louisa Stuart Costello, Author of "The Memoirs of Anne of Brittany," &c. London: Cash.

A FEW years ago a young German lady, wishing to discover to what region the Storks repair in the winter, attached to the neck of one of these birds a letter, in which she begged an answer from whoever found it, informing her of the place where the bird alighted. The Stork was shot by an Arab, in Syria. On this slight incident, Miss Costello has based an elegant and interesting story, in which she not only finds occasion to give us an insight into the habits of the Stork, and to picture the scenery of the countries over which he flies, and of those where he makes his home, but also takes us to the battle-field, and to the hospital of Scutari. The leading idea of the poem is a fine one. It is that of a heart aspiring in loneliness after a course of noble and beneficent action, and seeking in the distant and the unknown the sympathy and co-operation for which it longs. Miss Costello's heroine, far from being satisfied with mere aspirations, devotes herself to arduous and self-denying duties, and finds the reward she seeks. The story is gracefully, if not very powerfully told, and happy alike in aim and in performance.

Review of the Month.

THE RECENT ELECTION OF A PRESIDENT FOR THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA HAS BEEN INVESTED WITH FAR MORE IMPORTANCE THAN ATTACHES USUALLY TO THAT EVENT. The efforts of the Southern States to extend the institution of slavery into those districts which are but immaturely introduced into the confederacy of the States, and through that precedent into those vast tracts which may hereafter form political portions of the Union, has been carried on with a persistency which would seem to augur either success or civil war and disunion. Indeed, Mr. Preston, whose almost murderous assault on Mr. Sumner in the Senate House has covered him with such glory as the Southern States can confer, publicly advocates the disruption of the Northern from the Southern States as the alternative of the failure of the slave-holding interest to extend their institution, as they call it, into those districts which must hereafter become integral portions of the republic. The election has occasioned unusual excitement throughout the country, and has resulted in the success of Mr. Buchanan, a well-known friend of the pro-slavery party. This event has filled the minds of all the friends of humanity on both sides of the Atlantic with the deepest sorrow and the gravest apprehension. Indeed, the dominant party openly talk of the renewal of the slave trade—a measure which would bring this

country and the United States into a collision most detrimental to the interests of both. On the momentous question which has thus been decided by the votes of the States we will cite without further comment the most reliable opinions from both sides of the Atlantic. The State of Pennsylvania seems to have virtually decided the election. The *Times* Correspondent at New York says:—"The Democrats have achieved still more substantial triumphs than the election of their State officers in Pennsylvania and Indiana. They have secured beyond reasonable doubt the next House of Representatives, and given Mr. Buchanan, in case of his election, a working majority. Up to this time they have gained twenty-one members—or forty-two votes, in ten States. They had eighty-four party votes in the last House; and, adding the Southern Know-nothings, who voted with them on the slavery question, they had something like ninety-five or ninety-eight votes. Their gains place them beyond reasonable doubt, and give them good assurance of making Kansas a slave State before Mr. Buchanan retires, if he is elected." The latest accounts from America give us reason to hope that the new President is favourable to the measure of making Kansas a free State. The utmost excitement prevails throughout the Union, and we need hardly say that we participate in their apprehensions and their hopes.

THE ORGAN OF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT HAS MADE A MOST UNEXPECTED ATTACK UPON THE FREEDOM OF THE ENGLISH PRESS.—This has occasioned no small amount of excitement in the newspaper world. We subjoin the paragraph of the organ of the French Government, with the comments of our enlightened contemporary. "For some time," says the *Moniteur*, "past, different organs of the English press have endeavoured to spread calumnies respecting the French government, which are the more odious as they are concealed under an anonymous mask, and can only be answered by contempt. We are aware of the respect which is paid to the liberty of the press in England; and, in thus pointing out its deviations, we confine ourselves to an appeal to the common sense and good faith of the English people to warn them against the dangers of a system which, by destroying the confidence between the two Governments, would tend to disunite two nations whose alliance is the best guarantee of the peace of the world." We confess we do not know any English journals which have spread the calumnies complained of. What does the *Moniteur* mean by the French government? If it means the Emperor, we can answer for ourselves and for the great bulk of the English journals, whether metropolitan or provincial, that the assertion is gratuitously false. No calumnies have been uttered against that illustrious individual by any newspapers of the least note or credit. On the contrary, His Majesty has been spoken of with uniform respect. Justice has been done to his unrivalled sagacity in peace and in war. To him has been ungrudgingly accorded the meed of approbation for having accomplished what previous monarchs of France only spoke of, but never realised—a cordial alliance between the Governments of Great Britain and France; and what is, perhaps, of greater value, a no less cordial alliance between the two peoples. The acts of the French government have been freely criticized; but

that criticism and calumny are the same thing it will take more logic than is possessed by the *Moniteur* to convince any sane Englishman, whether he be a maker, or merely a reader, of newspapers. Englishmen criticize the acts of their own Government. It is one of the safeguards of their freedom to do so; and, much as they prize the French alliance, they would rather stand alone in Europe than consent to forego the privilege, and to be reduced, as a necessary consequence, to the political condition of France or of any other continental state. If the Emperor of the French set at defiance the laws of political economy, if he buy bread dear and sell it cheap, if he arbitrarily attempt to fix the prices of the necessaries of life to the poor, if he lavish money in unproductive expenditure, if he allow his underlings to encourage and mix themselves up in enormous jobbery on the Bourse,—the English press, which would criticize English statesmen if they committed similar errors, will continue to comment upon his acts. If the alliance will not stand a sound criticism and a fair judgment on the part of those competent to form and to express an opinion, it is a sham alliance, and not worth perpetuating. Fortunately, the tone taken by the English press, has induced the organs of the French government to modify their censures almost to the amount of a withdrawal.

IN THE ABSENCE OF PARLIAMENTARY INTELLIGENCE THE COUNTRY HAS RECEIVED SOME INFORMATION RESPECTING ITS FOREIGN AND INTERNAL AFFAIRS FROM LORD PALMERSTON.—With respect to the latter, he said, in a recent address at Manchester, “It will, of course, be the object of Her Majesty’s Government—I won’t say to employ their comparative leisure—but to occupy themselves during the peace, with those progressive improvements which all human arrangements are necessarily capable of receiving. Progressive improvement is the law of our moral nature. It is that which alone ennobles the individual, which tends to raise him in the scale of society; and it is that which enables nations to fulfil the destination for which their social and political institutions were formed.” We trust that these are not words without meaning. If his Lordship is in earnest and will conduct the government of the country with a determination to reform all abuses in Church and State, he will receive a measure of support which will give him a lease of office as long as the duration of his life. With relation to our foreign affairs, his language is not less distinct. In the prospect of future and conclusive negotiations, his Lordship says, “Gentlemen, we are now at peace, and I hope that that peace may be lasting. Its duration must depend upon the honour and fidelity with which its conditions are fulfilled. I trust that that Power which brought upon itself the hostility, either active or moral, of all Europe, by a forgetfulness of international rights and duties,—I trust that that Power, having concluded a treaty, will observe that treaty and fulfil it with faithfulness, and then, no doubt, peace will be of long duration. This sentiment reiterated by his Lordship at the annual festival at Guildhall, has given offence to several continental states, which has been expressed through their recognized organs. Its excitement has,

however, subsided, and has only furnished another proof that a firm demeanour in the cause of justice is the best means of preserving the peace and good understanding of civilized states.

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